10.d

ÆSOP.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

in *DRURY-LANE.*

First Edition.

LONDON,

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PREFACE.

TO ſpeak for a Play, if it can't ſpeak for it ſelf, is vain; and if it can, 'tis needleſs. For one of theſe Reaſons (I can't yet tell which, for 'tis now but the ſecond day of Acting) I reſolve to ſay nothing for *Æſop*, though I know he'd be glad of help; for let the beſt happen that can, his Journey's up Hill, with a dead Engliſh weight at the Tayl of him.

At *Paris* indeed, he ſcrambled up ſomething faſter (for 'twas up Hill there too) than I'm afraid he will do here. The *French* having more *Mercury* in their Heads, and leſs Beef and Pudding in their Bellies. Our Solidity may ſet hard, what their Folly makes eaſy; for Fools I own they are, you know we have found 'em ſo, in the Conduct of the War: I wiſh we may do ſo, in the

management of the Peace; but that's neither *Æſop*'s Buſineſs, nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen (or one not much unlike it) was writ in *French* about Six Years ſince, by one Monſieur *Bourſaut*, 'twas play'd at *Paris* by the French Comedians, and this was its Fate.

The firſt day it appear'd, 'twas routed (People ſeldom being fond of what they don't underſtand, their own ſweet Perſons excepted). The ſecond (by the help of ſome bold Knight Errants) it rally'd. The third it advanc'd, the fourth it gave a vigorous Attacque, and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the ſcamper; purſuing 'em on to the fourteenth, and then they cry'd out, Quarter.

'Tis not reaſonable to expect, *Æſop* ſhould gain ſo great a Victory here, ſince 'tis poſſible by fooling with his Sword, I may have turn'd the edge on't. For I confeſs in the Tranſlation, I have not at all ſtuck to the Original; Nay I have gone farther, I have wholly

wholly added the Fifth Act, and crowded a Country Gentleman into the Fourth, for which I ask Monſieur *Bourſaut*'s Pardon, with all my heart, but doubt I never ſhall obtain it, for bringing him into ſuch Company. Though after all, had I been ſo complaiſant to have waited on his Play word for word, 'tis poſſible even that might not have enſur'd the ſucceſs of it. For though it ſwam in *France*, it might have ſunk in *England*. Their Country abounds in Cork, ours in Lead.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

GAllants; We never yet produc'd a Play,
With greater fears, than this we act to day.
Barren of all the Graces of the Stage,
Barren of all that entertains this Age.
No Hero, no Romance, no Plot, no Show,
No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau:
There's nothing in't, with which we uſe to pleaſe ye:
With down right dull Inſtruction, w'are to teaſe ye,
The ſtage turns Pulpit; and the World's ſo fickle,
The Play-Houſe in a whim, turns Conventicle.
But Preaching here, muſt prove a hungry Trade,
The Pattentees will find ſo, I'm afraid.
For though with Heavenly Zeal, you all abound,
As by your Lives and Morals may be found,
Though every Female here o're flows with Grace,
And Chaſt Diana's *written in her Face;*
Though Maids renounce the ſweets of Fornication,
And one Lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation;
Though Men grow true, and the foul Fiend defy.
Though Trades-men cheat no more, nor Lawyers ly.
Though not one ſpot be found on Levi's *Tribe,*
Nor one ſoft Courtier, that will touch a Bribe:
Yet in the mid'ſt of ſuch Religious Days,
Sermons have never born the Price of Plays.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Æſop.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Learchus, Governour of *Syzicus.*	Mr. *Dogget.*
Oronces, in Love with *Euphronia.*	Mr. *Harland.*

WOMEN.

Euphronia, Daughter to *Learchus*, in Love with *Oronces.*	Mrs. *Temple.*
Doris, her Nurſe.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
People who come to *Æſop*, upon ſeveral occaſions, independent one of another.	
Two Country Tradeſmen.	Mr. *Pinkerman*, and Mr. *Smeton.*
Roger, a Country Bumkin.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Quaint, a Herauld.	Mr. *Pinkerman.*
Breedwell, an Inn-Keeper.	Mr. *Smeton.*
A Country Gentleman.	Mr. *Pinkerman.*
A Prieſt, Muſicians, *&c.*	
Hortentia, an affected Learned Lady.	Mrs. *Kent.*
Aminta, a Lewd Mother.	Mrs. *Willis.*
Forge-Will, a Scrivener's Widow.	Mrs. *Finch.*
Breedwell, Wife to the Inn-Keeper.	Mrs. *Powell.*

ÆSOP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Learchus's *HOUSE.*

Enter Learchus, Euphronia *and* Doris.

Lear. AT length I am bleſt with the ſight of the Worlds wonder, the delight of Mankind, the incomparable *Æſop.* You had time to obſerve him laſt Night, Daughter, as he ſat at Supper with me. Tell me how you like him, Child; is he not a charming Perſon?

Euph. Charming?

Lear. What ſay'ſt thee to him, *Doris*? Thou art a good Judge, a Wench of a nice Palate.

Dor. You wou'd not have me flatter, Sir?

Lear. No, ſpeak thy thoughts boldly.

Dor. Boldly you ſay?

Lear. Boldly I ſay.

Dor. Why then, Sir, my opinion of the Gentleman is, That he's uglier than an old Beau.

Lear. How, Impudence?

Dor. Nay if you are angry, Sir, ſecond thoughts are beſt; he's as proper as a Pike-man: Holds up his Head like a Dancing-Maſter: Has the ſhape of a Barb; the Face of an Angel, the Voice of a Cherubin, the ſmell of a Civet-Cat——

Lear. In ſhort, thou art fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

Dor. Excuſe me for that, Sir, I have Wit enough to make my ſelf merry with him——

Lear. If his Body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful: Wou'd to kind Heaven as he is, my Daughter cou'd but find the means to pleaſe him.

Euph. To what end, Dear Father?

Lear. That he might be your Husband, Dear Daughter.

Euph. My Husband! Shield me, kind Heaven——

Dor. Pſha! He has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

Lear. Æſop, then, is not worth her Care, in thy Opinion.

Dor. Why truly, Sir, I'm always for making ſuitable Matches, and don't much approve of breeding Monſters. I wou'd have nothing marry a Baboon, but what has been got by a Monkey.

Lear. How dareſt thou liken ſo incomparable a Man, to ſo contemptible a Beaſt.

Dor. Ah, the inconſtancy of this World: Out of ſight out of mind. Your little Monkey is ſcarce cold in his Grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd ſo much to admire: Do but call him to Remembrance, Sir, in his Red Coat, new Gloves, little Hat, and clean Linnen. Then diſcharge your Conſcience, utter the truth from your Heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two——By my Virginity, Sir, (though that's but a ſlippery Oath, you'll ſay) had they made Love to me together, *Æſop* ſhould have worn the Willow.

Lear. Since nothing but an Animal will pleaſe thee, 'tis pitty my Monkey had not that Virginity thou haſt Sworn by. But I, whom Wiſdom charms, even in the homelieſt dreſs, can never think the much deſerving *Æſop*, unworthy of my Daughter.

Dor.

Dor. Now in the Name of Wonder, what is't you ſo admire in him?

Lear. Hark, and thou ſhalt know; but you, *Euphronia*,
Be you more eſpecially attentive,
'Tis true he's plain, but that, my Girl's, a Trifle.
All manly beauty's ſeated in the Soul,
And that of *Æſop*, Envy's ſelf muſt own,
Out ſhines whate'er the World has yet produc'd.
Cræſus, the proſperous Favourite of Heaven,
Cræſus, the happieſt Potentate on Earth,
Whoſe Treaſure (though immenſe) is the leaſt part,
Of what he holds from Providence's Care,
Leans on his Shoulder, as his grand ſupport,
Admires his Wiſdom, doats upon his truth,
And makes him Pilot to Imperial ſway.
But in this elevated Poſt of Power,
What's his Employ? Where does he point his thoughts,
To live in Splendour, Luxury and Eaſe,
Do endleſs Miſchiefs, by neglecting good,
And build his Family on others ruines?
No:
He ſerves the Prince, and ſerves the People too,
Is uſeful to the Rich, and helps the Poor,
There's nothing ſtands neglected, but himſelf.
With conſtant Pain, and yet with conſtant Joy,
From place to place, throughout the Realm he goes,
With uſeful Leſſons, form'd to every Rank,
The People learn Obedience from his Tongue,
The Magiſtrate is guided in Command,
The Prince is minded, of a Father's Care:
The Subject's taught, the Duty of a Child:
And as 'tis dangerous, to be bold with truth,
He often call's for Fable to his Aid,
Where under abject Names, of Beaſts and Birds,
Virtue ſhines out, and Vice is cloath'd in ſhame:
And thus by inoffenſive Wiſdom's Force

He conquers Folly, whereſoe'er he moves.
This is his Portraite.

Dor. A very good Picture of a very ill Face.

Lear. Well, Daughter; what, not a word? Is it poſſible any thing that I am Father of, can be untouch'd with ſo much Merit?

Euph. My Duty may make all things poſſible: But *Æſop* is ſo ugly, Sir.

Lear. His Soul has ſo much beauty in't, your reaſon ought to bind your Eyes: Beſides, my Intereſt is concern'd: His power alarms me. I know throughout the Kingdom he's the ſcourge of evil Magiſtrates. Turns out Governours, when they turn Tyrants. Breaks Officers for falſe Muſters, excludes Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been abſent during the Tryal: Hangs Lawyers when they take Fees on both ſides: Forbids Phyſicians to take Money of thoſe they don't Cure: 'Tis true, my Innocence ought to baniſh my fears. But my Government, Child, is too delicious a Morſel, not to ſet many a frail Mouth a watering: Who knows what accuſations Envy may produce, but all wou'd be ſecure, if thou cou'dſt touch the Heart of *Æſop*. Let me blow up thy Ambition, Girl; the fire of that, will make thy Eyes ſparkle at him. [*She ſighs.*

------What's that ſigh for now; ha?
A young Husband, by my Conſcience: Ah, Daughter, had'ſt thou a young Husband, he'd make thee ſigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He has a Wigg full of Pulvilio; a Pocket full of Dice: A Heart full of Treaſon; a Mouth full of Lyes; a Belly full of Drink, a Carkaſs full of Plaiſters, a Tayl full of Pox, and a Head full of------Nothing.
There's his Picture; wear it at thy Heart if thou can'ſt. But here comes one of greater worth.

Enter

Enter Æſop.

Lear. Good morning to my Noble Lord; your Excellency——

Æſop. Softly, good Governour: I'm a poor wanderer from place to place; too weak to train the weight of grandeur with me! The Name of Excellency's not for me.

Lear. My Noble Lord, 'tis due to your Employ; Your Predeceſſors all ——

Æſop. My Predeceſſors all deſerv'd it, Sir; They were great Men, in Wiſdom, Birth and Service: Whil'ſt I, a poor unknown decrepit Wretch, mounted aloft for Fortunes Paſtime, expect each moment to conclude the Farce, by ſinking to the Mud, from whence I ſprung.

Lear. Great *Cræſus*'s Gratitude will ſtill ſupport you; His Coffers all are open to your Will, Your future Fortune's wholly in your power.

Æſop. But 'tis a power, that I ſhall ne'er employ.

Lear. Why ſo, My Lord?

Æſop. I'll tell you, Sir.

A Hungry Goat, who had not eat,
Some Nights and Days----(for want of meat)
Was kindly brought at laſt
By Providence's Care
To better Chear,
After a more than Penitential Faſt.

He found a Barn, well ſtor'd with Grain,
To enter in requir'd ſome pain,
But a Delicious Bait
Makes the way eaſy, though the paſs is ſtrait.

Our

Our Gueſt obſerving various Meats,
He puts on a good Modiſh Face,
He takes his place,
He ne'er ſays Grace,
But where he likes, he there falls to, and eats.

At length with jaded Teeth and Jaws,
He made a pauſe,
And finding ſtill ſome Room,
Fell too as he had done before,
For time to come, lay'd in his ſtore;
And when his Guts cou'd hold no more,
He thought of going home.

But here he met the Gluttons Curſe,
He found his Belly grown ſo great,
'Twas vain to think of a Retreat,
'Till he had render'd all h' ad eat,
And well he far'd no worſe.

To the Application, Governour.

Lear. 'Tis eaſy to be made, My Lord.

Æſop. I'm glad on't. Truth can never be too clear. [*Seeing* Euphron. Is this Young Damſell your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lear. 'Tis my Daughter, my good Lord: Fair too, if ſhe appears ſuch in the Eyes of the unerring *Æſop.*

Æſop, *going up to ſalute her,*] I never ſaw ſo beautiful a Creature.

Lear. *Aſide.*] Now's the time; Kiſs, ſoft Girl, and fire him.

Æſop *gazing at her.*] How partial's Nature, 'twixt her form and mine.

Lear Aſide.] Look, Look, Look, how he gazes at her——*Cupid*'s hard at work, I ſee that already. Slap; there he hits him——If the Wench wou'd but do her part: But ſee, ſee, how the

the perverſe Young Baggage ſtands biteing her Thumbs, and won't give him one kind glance——Ah the ſullen Jade: Had it been a handſome ſtrong Dog of Five and Twenty, ſhe'd have fallen a Coquetting on't, with every Inch about her. But may be it's I that ſpoil ſport, I'll make a pretence to leave 'em together. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink any Coffee, this Morning?

Æſop. With all my heart, Governour.

Lear. Your Lordſhip will give me leave to go and order it my ſelf: for unleſs I am by, 'tis never perfect.

Æſop. Provided you leave me this fair Maid in Hoſtage for your return, I conſent.

Lear. My good Lord do's my Daughter too much Honour. [*Aſide, going off.*

Ah that the Wench wou'd but do her part——

Hark you Huſſy—— [*Turning back to* Euphronia, *Aſide.*

——You can give your ſelf Aires ſometimes, You know you can: Do you remember what work you made with your ſelf at Church t' other day? Play your tricks over again once more for my pleaſure, and let me have a good account of this Statesman; or, d'ye hear?——You ſhall die a Maid, go chew upon that; go. [*Exit* Lear.

Æſop. Here I am left, fair Damſel, too much expos'd to your Charms, not to fall your Victim.

Euph. Your fall will then be due to your own weakneſs, Sir; for Heaven's my Witneſs, I neither endeavour, nor wiſh to wound you.

Æſop. I underſtand you, Lady; your Heart's already diſpos'd of, 'tis ſeldom otherways at your Age.

Euph. My heart diſpos'd of?

Dor. Nay, never mince the matter, Madam;
The Gentleman looks like a Civil Gentleman, e'en confeſs the truth to him: he has a good Intereſt with your Father; and no doubt will employ it to break the Heatheniſh Match he propoſes to you.

To

To Æsop.] Yes, Sir, My young Lady has been in Love these two years; and that with as pretty a Fellow, as ever enter'd a Virgins Heart. Tall, Straight, Young, Vigorous, Good Cloaths, Long Periwigg, Clean Linnen: in brief, He has every thing that's necessary, to set a young Lady a Longing, and to stay it when he has done: But her Father, whose Ambition makes him turn Fool in his old Age, comes with a back stroak upon us, and spoils all our sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir? he has propos'd to her to day, the most confounded ugly Fellow: Look, if the very thoughts of him don't set the poor thing a crying? And you, Sir, have so much power with the old Gentleman, that one word from you, wou'd set us all right again. If he will have her a Wife; In the Name of *Venus* let him provide her a handsome Husband, and not throw her into the pawes of a thing that Nature in a merry humour, has made half Man half Monkey.

Æsop. Pray what's this Monster's Name, Lady?

Euph. No matter for his Name, Sir, my Father will know who you mean, at first word.

Æsop. But you shou'd not always chuse by the outside alone; believe me, fair Damsel, a fine Periwigg keeps many a Fools Head from the weather, have a care of your young Gallant.

Dor. There's no danger; I have examin'd him: His inside's as good as his out: I say he has Wit, and I think I know.

Euph. Nay, she says true; he's even a Miracle of Wit and Beauty: Did you but see him, you'd be your self my Rival.

Æsop. Then you are resolv'd against the Monster.

Dor. Fy, Sir, fy, I wonder you'll put her in mind of that foul frightful thing: We shall have her Dream of nothing all night, but Bats and Owls, and Toads and Hedghogs, and then shall we have such a squeeking and squaling with her, the whole House will be in an uproar. Therefore pray, Sir, name him no more, but use your Interest with her Father, that she may never hear of him again.

Æsop.

Æſop. But if I ſhou'd be ſo generous to ſave you from the old gallant, what ſhall I ſay for your young one?

Euph. O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his Perfections, you need not fear ſaying too much in his praiſe.

Dor. And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the Defects of t'other; you need not fear outrunning the Text there neither, ſay the worſt you can.

Euph. You may ſay the firſt is the moſt graceful Man, that *Aſia* ever brought forth.

Dor. And you may ſay the latter is the moſt deform'd Monſter, that Copulation over produc'd.

Euph. Tell him that *Oronces* (for that's his dear Name) has all the Virtues that compoſe a perfect Hero.

Dor. And tell him that *Pigmy* has all the Vices, that go to equip an Attorney.

Euph. That to one, I cou'd be true, to the laſt moment of my Life.

Dor. That for t'other; ſhe'd Cuckold him the very day of her Marriage.

This, Sir, in few words, is the Theme you are deſir'd to preach upon.

Æſop. I never yet had one, that furniſht me more matter.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there's a Lady below deſires to ſpeak with your Honour.

Æſop. What Lady?

Ser. It's my Lady---my Lady---- [*To* Doris] The Lady there, the Wife Lady, the great Scholar, that no body can underſtand.

Dor. O ho, is it ſhe? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; ſhe's ready to ſwoond at the inſipid ſight of one of her own Sex.

Euph. You'll excuſe us, Sir, we leave you to wiſer Company. [*Exeunt* Euph. *and* Dor.

Enter Hortentia.

Hort. The Deeſs, who from *Atropos*'s Breaſt preſerves the Names of Heros and their Actions, proclaims your Fame throughout this mighty Orb, and----

Æſop Aſide.] Shield me, my Stars, what have you ſent me here? For Pity's ſake, Good Lady, be more human: my Capacity is too heavy to mount to your ſtile: if you wou'd have me know what you mean, pleaſe to come down to my underſtanding.

Hort. I've ſomething in my Nature ſoar's too high
For Vulgar flight, I own:
But *Æſop*'s ſphere muſt needs be within Call;
Æſop and I may ſure converſe together,
I know he's modeſt, but I likewiſe know,
His Intellects are Categorical.

Æſop. Now by my Faith, Lady, I don't know what *Intellect* is; and methinks *Categorical* ſounds as if you call'd me Names: Pray ſpeak that you may be underſtood; Language was deſign'd for it; indeed it was.

Hort. Of vulgar things, in vulgar phraſe we talk,
But when of *Æſop* we muſt ſpeak,
The Theam's too lofty for an humble ſtile,
Æſop's is ſure no common Character.

Æſop. No truly; I am ſomething particular. Yet if I am not miſtaken, what I have extraordinay about me, may be deſcrib'd in very homely Language. Here was a young Gentlewoman but juſt now pencill'd me out to a hair, I thought; and yet I vow to Gad the learned'ſt word I heard her make uſe of, was, Monſter.

Hort. That was a Woman, Sir; a very Woman; Her Cogitations all were on the outward Man.
But I ſtrike deeper, 'tis the Mind I view.
The Soul's the worthy object of my care;

The

The Soul, That ſample of Divinity, that glorious
Ray of Heavenly Light. The Soul that awful
Throne of Thought, That ſacred Seat of Contemplation.
The Soul, That Noble ſource of Wiſdom,
That Fountain of Comfort,
That Spring of Joy, That happy Token of eternal
Life; The Soul, that——

Æſop. Pray, Lady, are you married?

Hort. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Æſop. Only that I might wait upon your Husband to wiſh him Joy.

Hort. When People of my Compoſition wou'd marry, they firſt find ſomething of their own ſpecies to join with; I never could reſolve to take a thing of common Fabrick to my Bed, leſt when his brutiſh Inclinations prompt him, he ſhou'd make me Mother to a Form like his own.

Æſop. Methinks a Lady ſo extreamly nice, ſhou'd be much at a Loſs who to converſe with.

Hort. Sir, I keep my Chamber, and converſe with my ſelf; 'tis better being alone, than to miſ-ally ones Converſation, Men are ſcandalous; and Women are inſipid.
Diſcourſe without figure, makes me Sick at my Soul;
O the Charms of a Metaphor.
What Harmony there is in words of Erudition;
The muſick of 'em is in-imaginable.

Æſop. Will you hear a Fable, Lady?

Hort. Willingly, Sir, the Apologue pleaſes me when the Application of it is juſt.

Æſop. It is, I'll anſwer for't.

Once on a time, a Nightingale
To Changes prone:
Unconſtant, Fickle, Whimſical,
(A Female one:)
Who ſung like Others of her kind,
Hearing a Well-taught Linnet's Aires,

Had other matters in her mind,
To imitate him ſhe prepares.
Her Fancy ſtrait was on the Wing:
I fly, quoth ſhe,
As well as he;
I don't know why,
I ſhou'd not try,
As well as he, to ſing.
From that day forth, ſhe chang'd her Note,
She ſpoil'd her Voice, ſhe ſtrain'd her Throat:
She did, as Learned Women do,
Till every thing,
That heard her ſing,
Wou'd run away from her——as I from you.

[*Exit* Æſop, *running.*

Hortentia *ſola.*

How groſly do's this poor World ſuffer it ſelf to be impos'd upon —— *Æſop* a Man of ſence——Ha,ha,ha, ha, ha. Alas poor Wretch: I ſhou'd not have known him but by his Deformity, His Soul's as nauſeous to my Underſtanding, as his odious Body to my ſenſe of Feeling.
Well;

'mongſt all the Wits, that are allow'd to ſhine,
Methinks there's nothing yet approaches mine:
Sure I was ſent, the Homely Age t' adorn;
What Star, I know not, rul'd when I was born;
But every thing, beſides my ſelf, 's my ſcorn. [Exit.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Dor. WHat in the Name of *Jove*'s the matter with you? Speak for Heaven's ſake.

Euph. Oh, What ſhall I do? *Doris*, I'm undone.

Dor. What, raviſht?

Euph. No, ten times worſe! ten times worſe! Unlace me, or I ſhall ſwoond.

Dor. Unlace you? Why you are not there abouts, I hope?

Euph. No, no; worſe ſtill; worſe than all that.

Dor. Nay then it's bad indeed. [Dor. *unlaces her.* There: How d' ye do now?

Euph. So; it's going over.

Dor. Courage; pluck up your Spirits: Well; now what's the matter?

Euph. The matter? Thou ſha't hear. Know that --- that Cheat --- *Æſop* ---

Dor. Like enough; ſpeak, What has he done? That ugly ill-boding Cyclops.

Euph. Why inſtead of keeping his Promiſe, and ſpeaking for *Oronces*; he has not ſaid one word, but what has been for himſelf. And by my Father's Order, before to Morrow Noon, he's to marry me.

Dor. He marry you? ---

Euph. Am I in the wrong to be in this deſpair? Tell me, *Doris*, if I am to blame?

Dor. To blame? No by my troth. That ugly, old, treacherous piece of Vermin: That Melancholy mixture of Impotence

Impotence and Deſire; Do's his mouth ſtand to a young Partridge? Ah the old Goat. And your Father? He down right doats at laſt then?

Euph. Ah, *Doris*; What a Husband do's he give me; and what a Lover do's he rob me of. Thou know'ſt 'em both; Think of *Oronces*, and think of *Æſop*.

Dor. Spitting.] A Foul Monſter. And yet now I think on't, I'm almoſt as angry at t'other too: Methinks he makes but a ſlow Voyage on't, for a Man in Love. 'Tis now above two Months, ſince he went to *Lesbos*, to pack up the old Bones of his dead Father: Sure he might have made a little more haſt:

Enter Oronces.

Euph. Oh, my heart; What do I ſee?

Dor. Talk of the Devil, and he's at your Elbow.

Or. My Dear Soul. [Euph. *runs and leaps about his Neck.*

Euph. Why wou'd you ſtay ſo long
From me.

Or. 'Twas not my fault indeed; The Winds-----

Dor. The Winds?----- Will the Winds blow you your Miſtreſs again. We have had Winds too, and Waves into the bargain, Storms and Tempeſts, Sea-Monſters, and the Devil an' all. She ſtrugled as long as ſhe cou'd; but a *W*oman can do no more than ſhe can do; *W*hen her breath was gone, down ſhe ſunk.

*Or. W*hat's the meaning of all this?

Dor. Meaning? There's meaning and mumping too;
Your miſtreſs is married; that's all.

Or. Death and Furies --

Euph. clinging about him.] Don't you frighten him too much neither, *Doris*. No, my Dear, I'm not yet
Executed, though I am Condemn'd.

Or. Condemn'd? to what? Speak! Quick.

Dor.

Dor. To be married.

Or. Married? When, how, where, to what, to whom?

Dor. Æſop, Æſop, Æſop, Æſop, Æſop.

Or. Fiends and Spectres: What, that piece of Deformity, that Monſter; that Crump?

Dor. The ſame, Sir, the ſame. I find he knows him, You might have come home ſooner.

Or. Dear *Euphronia*, eaſe me from my pain. Swear that You neither have, nor will conſent.
I know this comes from your ambitious Father:
But you're too generous, too true to leave me:
Millions of Kingdoms ne'er wou'd ſhake my Faith,
And I believe your Conſtancy as firm.

Euph. You do me Juſtice, You ſhall find you do,
For Wracks and Tortures, Crowns and Scepters join'd ſhall neither fright me from my truth, nor tempt me to be falſe. On this you may depend.

Dor. Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find ſome other place to make your fine ſpeeches in. Don't you know that our Dear Friend *Æſop*'s coming to receive his Viſits here.
In this great Downy Chair, your pretty Little Husband Elect, is to ſit and hear all the Complaints in the Town: One of Wiſdoms Chief Recompences, being to be conſtantly troubled with the buſineſs of Fools.
Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the hand, and lead him into your Chamber; and when you are there, Don't lie Whining and Crying and Sighing and Wiſhing----

Aſide.] If he had not been more Modeſt then Wiſe, he might have ſet ſuch a mark upon the Goods before now, that ne'er a Merchant of 'em all, wou'd have bought 'em out of his hands: But young Fellows are always in the wrong: Either ſo impudent they are nauſeous, or ſo modeſt they are uſeleſs.
Go, pray get you gone together.

Euph. But if my Father catch us, we are ruin'd.

Dor. By my Conſcience, this Love will make us all turn Fools. Before your Father can open the Door, can't he ſlip down

down the Back-ſtairs? I'm ſure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old Trade. Ah---Well, get you gone however---- Hark----I hear the old Baboon cough; Away!

[*Ex.* Or. *and* Euph. *running.*

Here he comes, with his Ugly Beake before him. Ah------ a Luſcious Bed-fellow, by my troth.

Enter Learchus *and* Æſop.

Lear. Well, *Doris*; What news from my Daughter? is ſhe prudent?

Dor. Yes, very prudent.

Lear. What ſays ſhe? What do's ſhe do.

Dor. Do? what ſhou'd ſhe do? Tears her Cornet; Bites her Thumbs; Throws her Fan in the fire; Thinks it's dark Night at Noon day; Dreams of Monſters and Hobgoblins; Raves in her Sleep of forc't Marriage and Cuckoldom; Cryes: *Avant* Deformity, then wakens of a ſudden, with fifty Arguments at her Fingers ends, to prove the Lawfulneſs of Rebellion in a Child, when a Parent turns Tyrant.

Lear. Very fine, But all this ſhan't ſerve her turn.
I have ſaid the Word, and will be obey'd----
My Lord do's her honour.

Dor. Aſide.] Yes, and that's all he can do to her.

To Lear.] But I can't blame the Gentleman after all; He loves my miſtreſs, becauſe ſhe's handſome; and ſhe hates him, becauſe he's ugly. I never ſaw two People more in the right in my Life.

To Æſop.] You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm ſomewhat free.

Æſop. Why, a Ceremony wou'd but take up time.
But, Governour, methinks I have an admirable Advocate about your Daughter.

Lear. Out of the Room, Impudence: begone, I ſay.

Dor. So I will: but you'll be as much in the wrong, when I'm

I'm gone, as when I'm here. And your Conſcience, I hope, will talk as pertly to you, as I can do.

Æſop. If ſhe treats me thus before my Face; I may conclude I'm finely handled behind my Back.

Dor. I ſay the truth here; and I can ſay no worſe any where. [*Exit* Doris.

Lear. I hope your Lordſhip won't be concern'd at what this pratling Wench bleats out; my Daughter will be govern'd, ſhe's bred up to Obedience. There may be ſome ſmall difficulty, in weaning her from her Young Lover: But 'twon't be the firſt time ſhe has been wean'd from a Breaſt, my Lord.

Æſop. Do's ſhe love him fondly, Sir?

Lear. Fooliſhly, my Lord.

Æſop. And he her?

Lear. The ſame.

Æſop. Is he Young.

Lear. Yes, and Vigorous.

Æſop. Rich?

Lear. So, ſo.

Æſop. Well born?

Lear. He has good blood in his Veins,

Æſop. Has he Wit?

Lear. He had, before he was in Love.

Æſop. And handſome with all this?

Lear. Or elſe we ſhou'd not have half ſo much trouble with him.

Æſop. Why do you then make her quit him for me? All the World knows, I am neither Young, Noble, nor Rich; And as for my Beauty —— Look you, Governour. I'm honeſt: but when Children cry, they tell 'em, *Æſop*'s a coming: Pray, Sir, what is it makes you ſo earneſt to force your Daughter?

Lear. Am I then to count for nothing, the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-Law to the Great *Æſop*, what may I not aſpire to. My Fooliſh Daughter perhaps may'n't be ſo well

pleas'd with't, but we Wiſe Parents uſually weigh our Childrens happineſs in the Scale of our own Inclinations.

Æſop. Well, Governour; Let it be your care then to make her conſent.

Lear. This moment, my Lord, I reduce her, either to Obedience, or to Duſt and Aſhes. [*Exit* Lear.

Æſop. Adieu. Now let in the People,
Who come for Audience.

[Æſop *ſits in his Chair, reading of Papers.*

Enter two Ordinary Tradeſmen.

1 *Tra.* There he is, Neighbour: Do but look at him.

2 *Tra.* Ay; One may know him; he's well mark't. But dos't hear me? What Title muſt we give him; for if we fail in that point, d'ye ſee me, we ſhall never get our buſineſs done. Courtiers love Titles, almoſt as well as they do Money, and that's a bold word now.

1 *Tra.* Why I think we had beſt call him, His Grandeur.

2 *Tra.* That will do; Thou haſt hit on't. Hold ſtill, let me ſpeak. May it pleaſe your Grandeur——

Æſop. There I interrupt you, Friend; I have a weak Body that will ne'er be able to bear that Title.

2. *Tra.* D'ye hear that, Neighbour? What ſhall we call him now?

1 *Tra.* Why, call him, call him, his Excellency: try what that will do.

2 *Tra.* May it pleaſe your Excellency——

Æſop. Excellency's a long word, it takes up too much time in buſineſs: Tell me what you'd have, in few words.

2 *Tra.* Neighbour: this man will never give
Ten Thouſand pounds to be made a Lord.
But what ſhall I ſay to him now?
He puts me quite out of my play.

1 *Tra.*

1 *Tra.* Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

2 *Tra.* Shall I? Why ſo I will then. Hem. Neighbour, We want a new Governour, Neighbour.

Æſop. A new Governour, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Ay, Friend.

Æſop. Why what's the matter with your old one?

2 *Tra.* What's the matter?
Why he grows Rich; that's the matter:
And he that's Rich can't be Innocent, that's all.

Æſop. Do's he uſe any of you harſhly,
Or puniſh you without a fault?

2 *Tra.* No; but he grows as Rich as a Miſer;
His Purſe is ſo cram'd, it's ready to burſt again.

Æſop. When 'tis full, 'twill hold no more;
A new Governour will have an empty one.

2 *Tra.* 'Fore Gad, Neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't.

1 *Tra.* Why truly I don't know but he may:
For now it comes in my head,
It coſt me more Money to fat my Hog,
Than to keep him fat when he was ſo.
Prithee tell him we'll e'en keep our old Governour.

2 *Tra.* I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye ſee me:
Having ſeriouſly conſider'd of the matter,
My Neighbour *Hobſon*, and I here, We are content to jog on a little longer
With him we have: But if you'd
Do us another Courteſy, you might.

Æſop. What's that, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Why that's this: Our King *Cræſus* is a very good Prince, as a Man may ſay: But ——a ——but—— Taxes are high, an't pleaſe you; And ——— a ——poor Men want Money, d'ye ſee me: It's very hard, as we think, that the Poor ſhou'd work to maintain the Rich. If there were no Taxes, we ſhou'd do pretty well.

1 *Tra.* Taxes indeed are very burthenſome.

Æſop. I'll tell you a ſtory, Country-men.
Once on a time, the Hands and Feet,
As Mutineers, grew mighty great,
They met, caball'd, and talk't of Treaſon,
They ſwore by Jove, *they knew no reaſon,*
The Belly ſhou'd have all the meat,
It was a damn'd Notorious Cheat,
They did the Work, and----Death and Hell; They'd eat.

The Belly, who ador'd good Chear,
Had like t' have dy'd away for fear:
Quoth he, good folks, you little know,
What 'tis you are about to do;
If I am ſtarv'd, what will become of you?

We neither know nor care, cry'd they,
But this we will be bold to ſay,
We'll ſee you damn'd
Before we'll work,
And you receive the Pay.

With that the Hands, to pocket went,
Full Wriſt-band deep,
The Legs and Feet fell faſt a ſleep:
Their Liberty they had redeem'd,
And all except the Belly ſeem'd
Extreamly well content.

But mark what follow'd; 'Twas not long
Before the right became the wrong,
The Mutineers were grown ſo Weak,
They found 'twas more than time to ſqueak.
They call for Work, but 'twas too late.
The ſtomach, (like an Aged Maid,
Shrunk up, for wan't of human aid)
The Common Debt of Nature paid,
And with it's Deſtiny, entrain'd their Fate. Æſop.

Æſop. What think you of this ſtory; Friends, ha? Come, you look like wiſe Men; I'm ſure you underſtand what's for your good; in giving part of what you have, you ſecure all the reſt; If the King had no money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were no Army, your Enemies wou'd be amongſt you: One Day's Pillage wou'd be worſe than Twenty Years Taxes, What ſay you! is't not ſo?

2 *Tra.* By my troth I think he's in the Right on't again.
Who'd think that little Hump-back of his,
Shou'd have ſo much brains in't, Neighbour?

Æſop. Well, Honeſt Men; Is there any thing elſe that I can ſerve you in?

1 *Tra.* D' ye hear that, *Humphrey*? ---- Why that was civil now.
But Courtiers ſeldom want good breeding;
Let's give the Devil his due.
Why to tell you the truth, Honeſt Gentlemen, we had a whole Budget full of grievances to complain of. But I think ——a---- Ha Neighbour? We had e'en as good let 'em alone?

1 *Tra.* Why good feath, I think ſo too, for by all I can ſee, we are like to make no great hond on't. Beſides; between thee and me, I begin to daubt, whether aur Grievances do us ſuch a plaguy deal of Miſchief, as we fancy.

2 *Tra.* Or put Caſe they did, *Humphrey*; I'ſe afraid, he that go's to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of 'em, may be ſaid (in aur Country Dialect) to take the wrong Saw by the Ear. But here's Neighbour *Roger*, he's a Wit, let's leave him to him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Roger, *a Countrey Bumkin, looks ſeriouſly upon* Æſop; *then burſts out a Laughing.*

Ro. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha: Did ever Mon behold the like---- Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Æſop. Haſt thou any buſineſs with me, Friend?

Ro. Yes, by my troth, have I;
But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't,
Look you now, he could not hold laughing:
What I have in my Mind, out it comes: but bar that:
I'ſe an honeſt Lad as well as another.

Æſop. My time's dearer to me than yours, Friend;
Have you any thing to ſay to me?

Ro. Gadswookars, do People uſe to ask for Folks,
When they have nothing to ſay to 'em?
I's tell you my buſineſs.

Æſop. Let's hear it.

Ro. I have, as you ſee, a little Wit.

Æſop. True.

Ro. I live in a Village hard by, and I'ſe the Beſt Man in it, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it. I have good Drink in my Sellar, and good Corn in my Barn; I have Cows and Oxen, Hogs and Sheep, Cocks and Hens, and Geeſe and Turkeys; but the truth will out, and ſo out let it. I'ſe e'en tyr'd of being call'd plain *Roger*. I has a Leathern Purſe; and in that Purſe, there's many a fair half Crown, with the King's Sweet Face upon it, God Bleſs him: And with this Money I have a mind to bind my ſelf Prentice to a Courtier: It's a good Trade, as I have heard ſay, there's Money ſtirring: Let a Lad be but diligent, and do what he's bid, he ſhall be let into the Secret, and ſhare part of the Profits. I have not liv'd to theſe Years for nothing: Thoſe that will ſwim, muſt go into deep Water: I's get our Wife *Jone* to be the Queens Chambermaid; and then---Crack ſays me I; and forget all my Acquaintance.

But

But to come to the buſineſs. You who are the King's great Favourite, I deſire you'll be pleas'd to ſell me ſome of your Friendſhip, that I may get a Court Place. Come, you ſhall chuſe me one your ſelf; You look like a ſhrewd Man; by the Maſs you do.

Æſop. I chuſe Thee a Place?

Ro. Yes: I would willingly have it ſuch a ſort of a Pleace, as wou'd coſt little, and bring in a great deal; in a word, much Profit, and nothing to do.

Æſop. But you muſt name what Poſt you think wou'd ſuit your humour.

Ro. Why I'ſe pratty indifferent as to that: Secretary of State, or Butler; Twenty Shillings more, Twenty Shillings leſs, is not the thing I ſtand upon. I'ſe no Hagler, Gadswookars, and he that ſays I am--'Zbud he lies: There's my humour now.

Æſop. But hark you, Friend, you ſay you are well as you are, Why then do you deſire to change?

Ro. Why what a Queſtion now is there, for a Man of your parts: I'm well, d'ye ſee me; and what of all that? I deſire to be better: There's an Anſwer for you. (*Aſide.*) Let *Roger* alone with him.

Æſop. Very well: this is reaſoning; And I love a Man ſhould reaſon with me: But let us enquire a little whether your Reaſons are good or not. You ſay at home you want for nothing.

Ro. Nothing 'fore *George*.

Æſop. You have good drink?

Ro. 'Zbud the beſt i' th' Pariſh. (*Singing*) And dawne it merrily goes, my Lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

Æſop. You eat heartily?

Ro. I have a noble Stomach.

Æſop. You ſleep well?

Ro. Juſt as I drink: till I can ſleep no longer.

Æſop. You have ſome honeſt Neighbours?

Ro. Honeſt? 'Zbud we are all ſo, the Tawne raund, we live

live like Brethren; when one can ſarve another, he does it with all his Heart and Guts; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together, Holydays and Sundays we play at Nine-pins, tumble upon the Graſs with wholſome young Maids, laugh 'till we ſplit, Daunce 'till we are weary, eat 'till we burſt, drink 'till we are ſleepy, then ſwap into Bed, and ſnore 'till we riſe to Breakfaſt.

Æſop. And all this thou would'ſt leave, to go to Court. I'll tell thee what once happen'd.

A Mouſe, who long had liv'd at Court,
(Yet ne'er the better *Chriſtian* forit)
Walking one Day to ſee ſome Country Sport,
He met a home-bred Village-Mouſe,
Who with an awkard Speech and Bow,
That ſavour'd much of Cart and Plow,
Made a ſhift, I know not how,
T' invite him to his Houſe.
Quoth he, my Lord, I doubt you'll find
Our Country Fare of homely kind,
But by my Troth, y'are wellcome to't,
Y'have that, and Bread, and Cheeſe to boot:
And ſo they ſat and din'd.

Ro. Very well.

Æſop. The *Courtier* cou'd have eat, at leaſt,
As much as any Houſhold Prieſt,
But thought himſelf oblig'd in Feeding,
To ſhew the difference of Town-breeding,
He pick'd and cull'd, and turn'd the Meat,
He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat:
No Toothleſs Woman at Fourſcore,
Was ever ſeen to mumble more.
He made a thouſand ugly Faces,
Which (as ſometimes in Ladies caſes)
Were all deſign'd for Airs and Graces.

Ro. Ha, ha.

Æſop.

Æſ. At laſt, he from the Table roſe,
He pickt his Teeth, and blow'd his Noſe,
And with an eaſie Negligence,
As tho' he lately came from *France*,
He made a careleſs ſliding Bow,
'Fore Gad, quoth he, I don't know how
I ſhall return your Friendly Treat,
But if you'll take a bit of Meat
In Town with me,
You there ſhall ſee
How we poor Courtiers eat.
Ro. Tit for tat; that was Friendly.
Æſ. There needed no more Invitation
To e'er a Country Squire i'th Nation,
Exactly to the time he came,
Punctual, as Woman, when ſhe meets
A Man between a pair of Sheets,
As good a Stomach, and as little ſhame.
Ro. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Æſ. To ſay the Truth, he found good Chear,
With Wine, inſtead of Ale and Beer:
But juſt as they ſat down to Eat,
Comes bouncing in a hungry Cat.
Ro. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!
Æſ. The nimble Courtier ſkipt from Table,
The Squire leapt too, as he was able;
It can't be ſaid that they were beat,
It was no more than a Retreat;
Which when an Army, not to Fight,
By Day-light, runs away by Night,
Was ever judg'd a great and glorious Feat.
Ro. Ever, ever, ever.
Æſ. The Cat retir'd, our Gueſts return,
The Danger paſt, becomes their ſcorn,
They fall to Eating, as before,
The Butler rumbles at the Door.

Ro. Good Lord!

Æſ. To Boot and Saddle again they ſound.

Ro. Ta ra, tan tan ta ra, ra ra tan ta ra.

Æſ. They frown, as they wou'd ſtand their Ground,
But (like ſome of our Friends) they found.
'Twas ſafer much to ſcowre.

Ro. Tantive, Tantive, Tantive, *&c.*

Æſ. At length the Squire, who hated Arms,
Was ſo perplext with theſe Alarms,
He riſe up in a kind of heat:
Udzwooks quoth he, with all your Meat,
I will maintain a diſh of Peaſe,
A Raddiſh, and a ſlice of Cheeſe,
With a good deſert of Baſe,
Is much a better Treat.
However;
Since every Man ſhou'd have his due,
I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you,
For your Intentions at your Board.
But Pox upon your Courtly Crew ——

Ro. Amen, I pray the Lord. Ha ha ha ha ha. Now the Deel Cuckold me, if this Story be not worth a Sermon. Give me your hond, Sir.

—— If it had na' been for your Friendly Advice, I was going to be Fool enough, to be Secretary of State.

Æſ. Well, go thy ways home, and be wiſer for the Future.

Ro. And ſo I will: For that ſame Mauſe, your Friend, was a witty Perſon, Gadsbudlikins; and ſo our Wife *Joan* ſhall know: For between you and I, 'tis ſhe has put me upon going to Court. Sir, ſhe has been ſo praud, ſo ſaucy, ſo rampant, ever ſince I brought her home a Lac'd Pinner, and a Pink-colour pair of Shoe-ſtrings, from *Tickledawne* Fair, the Parſon 'oth' Pariſh can't rule her; and that you'll ſay's much. But ſo much for that. Naw, I thank you for your good Counſel, honeſt little Gentleman; and to ſhew you, that I'ſe not ungrateful —— Give me your hand once more.

more —— If you'll take the pains, but to walk dawne to our Towne, —— a Word in your Ear, —— I'ſt ſend you ſo drunk whom again, you ſhall remember kindly *Roger*, as long as you have breath in your Body. (*Exit Ro*

Æſope Solus.

Farewell, what I both envy and deſpiſe:
Thy Happineſs and Ignorance provoke me;
How Noble were the thing call'd Knowledge,
Did it but lead us to a Bliſs like thine?
But there's a Secret Curſe, in Wiſdom's Train,
VVhich on it's Pleaſures ſtamps perpetual Pain,
And makes the wiſe Man loſe, by what he gains.

Exit.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

Enter Æsope.

Æs. WHo waits there? *(Enter Servant.*
If there be any Body that has Buſineſs with me, let 'em in.

Serv. Yes, Sir. *(Exit Serv.*

Enter Quaint, *who ſtands at a diſtance, making a great many fawning Bows.*

Æs. Well Friend? who are you?

Q. My Name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundeſt of all your Honours humble Servants.

Æs. And what may your Buſineſs be with me, Sir.

Q. My Buſineſs, Sir, with every Man, is firſt of all to do him Service.

Æs. And your next is, I ſuppoſe, to be Paid for't twice as much as 'tis worth.

Q. Your Honours moſt Obedient, Humble Servant.

Æs. Well, Sir, but upon what Account am I going to be Obliged to you?

Q. Sir, I'm a Geneologiſt.

Æs. A Geneologiſt?

Q. At your Service, Sir.

Æs. So, Sir.

Q. Sir, I am inform'd from common Fame, as well as from ſome little private familiar Intelligence, That your Wiſdom is entring into Treaty with the *Primum Mobile* of all Good and Evil, a fine Lady.

I have Travell'd Sir, I have Read Sir, I have Conſider'd Sir, and I find Sir, That the Nature of a fine Lady, is to be ——a fine Lady Sir; a fine Lady's a fine Lady, Sir, all the World over; ſhe loves a fine Houſe, fine Furniture, fine Coaches, fine Liveries, fine Petticoats, fine Smocks; and if ſhe ſtops there ---- ſhe's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to come to my Point.

It being the *Lydian* Cuſtom, That the fair Bride ſhould be preſented on her Wedding-Day, with ſomething that may ſignifie the Merit and the Worth of her dread Lord and Maſter, I thought the Noble *Eſope*'s Pedigree, might be the wellcom'ſt Gift that he could offer. If his Honour be of the ſame Opinion, ---- I'll ſpeak a bold Word; There's ne'er a Herald in all *Aſia*, ſhall put better Blood in his Veins, then ---- Sir, your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint*.

Æſ. Doſt thou then know my Father Friend? for I proteſt to thee, I am a Stranger to him.

Q. Your Father, Sir, ha, ha; I know every Man's Father, Sir, and every Man's Grand-father, and every Man's Great Grandfather. VVhy, Sir, I'm a Herald by Nature, my Mother was a *Welch Woman*.

Æſ. A *Welch Woman*? prithee of what Country's that?

Q. That, Sir, is a Country in the VVorld's back-ſide, where every Man is born a Gentleman, and a Geneologiſt. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mothers Pedigree before I cou'd ſpeak plain: which, to ſhew you the depth of my Art, and the ſtrength of my Memory, I'll trundle you down in an inſtant.

Noah had three Sons, *Shem*, *Ham* and *Japhet*; *Shem*---

Æſ. Hold, I conjure thee, in the Name of all thy Anceſtors.

Q. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin at *Noah* for brevity's ſake.

Æſ. No more on't, I intreat thee.

Q. Your Honour's impatient perhaps, to hear your own Deſcent. *A Word to the Wiſe is enough.* Hem, hem: *Solomon*, the wiſe King of *Judea*---

Æſ.

Æſ. Hold once more.

Q. Ha, ha; Your Honour's modeſt, but ---- *Solomon* the wiſe King of *Judea* ----

Æſ. Was my Anceſtor, was he not?

Q. He was, my Lord, which no one ſure can doubt, who obſerves how much of Prince there hangs about you.

Æſ. What? Is't in my Mien?

Q. You have ſomething ------ wondrous Noble in your Air.

Æſ. Perſonable too: view me well.

Q. N --- not Tall; but Majeſtick.

Æſ. My Shape?

Q. A World of Simmetry in it.

Æſ. The Lump upon my Back?

Q. N --- not regular; but agreeable.

Æſ. Now by my Honeſty, thou art a Villain Herald. But Flattery's a Thruſt I never fail to Parry. 'Tis a Paſs thou ſhoud'ſt reſerve for young Fencers; with Feints like thoſe, they're to be hit: I do not doubt but thou haſt found it ſo: haſt not?

Q. I muſt confeſs, Sir, I have ſometimes made 'em bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will pleaſe to excuſe me, ſince, to ſpeak the Truth, I get my Bread by't, and maintain my Wife and Children: And Induſtry, you know, Sir, is a commendable thing. Beſides, Sir, I have debated the buſineſs a little with my Conſcience; for I'm like the reſt of my Neighbours, I'd willingly get Money, and be Sav'd too, if the thing may be done upon any reaſonable Terms. And ſo Sir, I ſay, to quiet my Conſcience, I have found out at laſt, that Flattery is a Duty.

Æſ. A *Duty*?

Q. Ay Sir, a *Duty*: For the *Duty* of all Men is to make one another paſs their time as pleaſantly as they can. Now Sir, here's a young Lord, who has a great deal of Land, a great deal of Title, a great deal of Meat, a great deal of Noiſe, a great many Servants, and a great many *Diſeaſes*. I find him very dull, very reſtleſs, tyr'd with

with Eaſe, cloy'd with Plenty, a Burthen to himſelf, and a Plague to his Family. I begin to flatter: He ſprings off of the Couch; turns himſelf round in the Glaſs; finds all I ſay true; Cuts a Caper a Yard high? his *Blood* trickles round in his Veins; his Heart's as light as his Heels; and before I leave him --- his Purſe is as empty as his *Head*. So we both are content; for we part much happier then we met.

Æſ. Admirable Rogue; what doſt thou think of Murder and of Rape, are not they Duties too? Wer't not for ſuch vile fawning Things as thou art, young Nobles wou'd not long be what they are: They'd grow aſham'd of Luxury and Eaſe, and rouſe up the old Spirit of their Fathers; leave the purſuit of a poor frightned Hare, and make their Foes to tremble in her ſtead; Furniſh their Heads with Sciences and Arts, and fill their Hearts with *Honour*, Truth and *Friendſhip*; be Generous to ſome, and Juſt to all; drive home their Creditors with Bags of Gold, inſtead of Chaſing 'em with Swords and Staves; Be faithful to their King and Countrey both, and Stab the Offerer of a Bribe from either; bluſh even at a wandring thought of Vice, and boldly own they durſt be *Friends* to Virtue; tremble at nothing but the frowns of Heaven, and be no more aſham'd of him that made 'em.

Q. (*Aſide.*) If I ſtand to hear this Crump Preach a little longer, I ſhall be Fool enough perhaps to be bubled out of my Livelihood, and ſo loſe a Bird in the Hand for two in the Buſh.

Sir, Since I have not been able to bring you to a good Opinion of your ſelf, 'tis very probable I ſhall ſcarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you pleaſe to do me the favour to forget me, I ſhall ever acknowledge my ſelf, --- Sir, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant. (*going.*

Æſ. Hold; If I let thee go, and give thee nothing, thou'lt be apt to grumble at me; and therefore --- (who waits there.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Q. (*Aside.*) I don't like his Looks, by Gad.

Æſ. I'll preſent thee with a Token of my Love.

Q. A---another time, Sir, will do as well.

Æſ. No; I love to be out of Debt, tho' 'tis being out of the faſhion. So, d'ye hear? Give this honeſt Gentleman half a Score good Stroaks on the Back with a Cudgel.

Q. By no means in the World, Sir.

Æſ. Indeed, Sir, you ſhall take 'em.

Q. Sir, I don't merit half your Bounty.

Æſ. O 'tis but a Trifle.

Q. Your Generoſity makes me bluſh. (*Looking about to*

Æſ. That's your Modeſty, Sir. *make his eſcape.*

Q. Sir, you are pleaſed to Compliment. But a--- twenty Pedigrees for a clear Coaſt. (*Running off, the*

Æſ. Wait upon him down Stairs Fellow, *Servant after him.* I'd do't my ſelf, were I but nimble enough, but he makes haſt to avoid Ceremony.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Here's a Lady in great haſt, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Æſ. Let her come in.

Enter Aminta, *Weeping.*

O Sir, If you don't help me, I'm undone.

Æſ. Why, what's the Matter, Lady.

Am. My Daughter, Sir, my Daughter's run away with a filthy Fellow.

Æſ. A ſlippery Trick indeed.

Am. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, ſend immediately to purſue 'em, and ſeize 'em: but 'tis in vain, 'twill be too late, 'twill be

be too late; I'll warrant at this very Moment they are got together in a Room with a Couch in't; all's gone, all's gone; tho' twere made of Gold 'tis loſt: Oh! my Honour, my Honour. A forward Girl ſhe was always; I ſaw it in her Eyes the very Day of her birth.

Æſ. That indeed was early; but how do you know ſhe's gone with a Fellow?

Am. I have e'en her own inſolent Hand-writing for't Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter ſhe has left me.

Æſ. Reads.

I Love, and am belov'd; and that's the reaſon I run away.

Short, but Significant.

—— *I'm ſure there's no Body knows better than your Ladyſhip, what Allowances are to be made to Fleſh and Blood; I therefore hope this from your Juſtice, that what you have done three times your ſelf, you'll pardon once in your Daughter.*

The Dickins.

Am. Now, Sir, what do you think of the buſineſs?

Æſ. Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the moſt Natural Buſineſſes I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a Story.

A Crab-fiſh once her Daughter told,
(In terms that ſavour'd much of Scold)
She cou'd not bare to ſee her go,
Sidle, ſidle, too and fro;
The Devil's in the Wench, quoth ſhe,
When ſo much Money has been paid,
To poliſh you like me;
It makes me almoſt mad to ſee,
T'are ſtill ſo aukward an ungainly Jade.
Her Daughter ſmil'd, and look'd askew,
She anſwer'd, (for to give her her due)
Pertly, as moſt Folks Daughters do,

Madam, Your Ladiſhip, quoth ſhe,
Is pleas'd to blame in me,
What, on Enquiry you may find
Admits a paſſable Excuſe,
From a Proverb much in uſe,
That Cat will after kind.

Am. Sir, I took you to be a Man better bred, than to liken a Lady to a Crab-fiſh.

Æſ. What I want in good Breeding, Lady, I have in Truth and Honeſty: As what you have wanted in Virtue, you have had in a good Face.

Am. Have had, Sir? What I have had, I have ſtill, and ſhall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grand-mother, Sir.

Æſ. But in a fair way for't, Madam.

Am. Thanks to my Daughter's forwardneſs then; not my Years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have never a wrinkle in my Face. A young pert Slut; who'd think ſhe ſhou'd know ſo much at her Age.

Æſ. Good Maſters make quick Scholars, Lady; ſhe has learn'd her Exerciſe from you.

Am. But where's the Remedy, Sir?

Æſ. In trying if a good Example will reclaim her, as an ill one has debauch't her. Live Private, and avoid Scandal.

Am. Never ſpeak it; I can no more Retire, than I can go to Church twice of a *Sunday*.

Æſ. What? your Youthful Blood boils in your Veins, I'll warrant.

Am. I have warmth enough to endure the Air, old Gentleman. I need not ſhut my ſelf up in a Houſe theſe twenty Years.

Æſ. (*Aſide.*) She takes a long Leaſe of Lewdneſs; ſhe'll be an admirable Tenant to Luſt.

Am.

Am. (*walking haſtily to and fro.*) People think when a Woman is turn'd Fourty, ſhe's old enough to turn out of the World; but I ſay, when a Woman is turn'd Fourty, ſhe's old enough to have more Wit. The moſt can be ſaid is, her Face is the worſe for wearing: I'll anſwer for all the reſt of her Fabrick. The Men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my Troth, wou'd they; if we ſhou'd quit the Stage, and leave 'em nothing but a parcel of young pert Sluts, that neither know how to ſpeak Senſe, nor keep themſelves clean. But don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet. (*Æſop ſtares upon her,*

——How now? what? left alone. *and as ſhe turns from*
An unmannerly Piece of deformity. *him, runs off the*
Methinks he might have had Senſe *Stage.*)
enough to have made Love to me. But I have found Men ſtrangely dull, for theſe laſt Ten or Twelve Years: Sure they'll mend in time, or the World won't be worth living in.

For let Philoſophers ſay all they can,
The Source of Womans Joys is plac'd in Man. (*Exit.*

Enter Learcus *and* Euphronia, Doris *following at a diſtance.*

L. to *Eu.* I muſt tell you, Miſtreſs, I'm too mild with you, Parents ſhou'd never intreat their Children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a word, let *Oronces* be lov'd, let *Æſope* be hated; let one be a Peacock, let t'other be a Bat. I'm Father, you are Daughter, *I* command, and you ſhall obey.

Eu. *I* never yet did otherwiſe; nor ſhall *I* now, Sir; but pray let Reaſon guide you.

L. So it do's: but 'tis my own, not yours, Huſſey.

Do. Ah —— Well, I'll ſay no more; but were I in her place, by the *Maſs*, I'd have a tug for't.

L. Dæmon; born to diſtract me. Whence art thou in the Name of Fire and Brimſtone? Have not I ſatisfy'd thee? have not I paid thee what's thy due? and have not I turn'd

thee out of Doors, with Orders never more to ſtride my Threſhold, ha? Anſwer, abominable Spirit; what is't that makes thee haunt me?

Do. A fooliſh Paſſion, to do your good in ſpight of your Teeth. Pox on me for my Zeal, I ſay.

L. And Pox on thee, and thy Zeal too, I ſay.

Do. Now if it were not for her ſake, more than for yours, I'd leave all to your own management, to be reveng'd of you. But rather than I'll ſee that ſweet thing ſacrificed, — I'll play the Devil in your Houſe.

L. Patience; I ſummon thee to my Aid.

Do. Paſſion; I defie thee; to the laſt drop of my Blood I'll maintain my ground. What have you to Charge me with? Speak: I love your Child better than you do, and you can't bare that; ha? Is't not ſo? Nay, it's well y'are aſham'd on't; there's ſome ſign of Grace ſtill.

Look you, Sir, in few Words, you'll make me mad; and 'twere enough to make any Body mad (who has Brains enough to be ſo) to ſee ſo much Virtue ſhip wreck'd at the very Port. The World never ſaw a Virgin better qualify'd; ſo witty, ſo diſcreet, ſo modeſt, ſo chaſt; in a word; I brought her up my ſelf; and 'twou'd be the death of me, to ſee ſo virtuous a Maid, become a lewd Wife; which is the uſual effect of Parents Pride and Covetouſneſs.

L. How Strumpet; wou'd any thing be able to debauch my Daughter.

Do. Your Daughter? yes, your Daughter, and my ſelf into the Bargain: A Woman's but a Woman: and I'll lay a hundred Pound on Nature's ſide. Come, Sir, few Words diſpatch Buſineſs. Let who will be the Wife of *Æſope*; ſhe's a Fool, or he's a Cuckold. But you'll never have a true Notion of this Matter, 'till you ſuppoſe your ſelf in your Daughter's place. As thus:

You are a pretty, ſoft, warm, wiſhing young Lady. I'm a ſtrait, proper, handſome, vigorous young Fellow.

You have a peeviſh, poſitive, covetous old Father, and he forces

forces you to Marry a little, lean, crooked, dry, ſapleſs Husband. This Husband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a Viſit; find you all alone; The Servant pulls too the Door; the Devil comes in at the Window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt; you like my Perſon; and therefore believe all I ſay; ſo firſt I make you an Atheiſt, and then I make you a Whore. Thus the World goes, Sir.

D. Pernicious Peſtilence: has thy Eternal Tongue run down its Laram yet?

Do. Yes.

L. Then get out of my Houſe, Abomination.

Do. I'll not ſtir a Foot.

L. Who waits there? bring me my great Stick.

Do. Bring you a Stick; bring you a Head-piece, that you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

L. Death and Furies, the Devil, and ſo forth: I ſhall run diſtracted.

Eu. Pray Sir, don't be ſo angry at her; I'm ſure ſhe means well, tho' ſhe may have an odd way of expreſſing her ſelf.

L. What, you like her meaning? who doubts it, Offſpring of *Venus*. But I'll make you ſtay your Stomach with Meat of my chuſing, you liquoriſh young Baggage you. In a word, *Æſope*'s the Man; and to Morrow he ſhall be your Lord and Maſter.

But ſince he can't be ſatisfy'd unleſs he has your Heart, as well as all the reſt of your Trumpery, let me ſee you receive him in ſuch a manner, that he may think himſelf your Choice, as well as mine, 'twill make him eſteem your Judgment: For we uſually gueſs at other People's Underſtandings, by their approving our Actions, and liking our Faces: See here the Great Man comes; (*to Do.*) Follow me, Inſolence; and leave 'em to expreſs their Paſſion to each other. (*to Eu.*) Remember my laſt Word to you is, Obey.

(*Do.* to *Eu. aside.*) And remember my last Advice to you is, Rebel. (*Exit L. Doris following him.*)

Eu. Alas, I'm good natur'd; the last thing that's said to me, usually leaves the deepest Impression.

Enter Æsop. *They stand sometime without speaking.*

Æs. —— They say, That Lovers, for want of Words, have Eyes to speak with. I'm afraid you do not understand the Language of mine, since yours, I find, will make no Answer to 'em. but I must tell you, Lady, There is a numerous Train of Youthful Virgins, that are endow'd with Wealth and Beauty too, who yet have thought it worth their pains and care, to point their Darts at *Æsop*'s homely Breast; whilst you so much contemn, what they pursue, that a young Senseless Fop's preferr'd before me.

Eu. Did you but know that Fop you dare to term so, his very Looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

Æs. A very Bawble.

Eu. How?

Æs. A Butterfly.

Eu. I can't bear it.

Æs. A Paraquet, can prattle and look gawdy.

Eu. It may be so: but let me paint him and you, in your proper Colours, I'll do it exactly, and you shall judge which I ought to chuse.

Æs. No, hold; I'm naturally not over-curious; besides, 'tis Pride makes People have their Pictures drawn.

Eu. Upon my word, Sir, you may have yours taken a hundred times, before any Body will believe 'tis done upon that account.

Æs. (*Aside.*) How Severe she is upon me. You are resolv'd then to persist, and be fond of your Feather; sigh for a Periwig, and die for a Cravat string?

Eu. Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more respect, what I've thought fit to own I value; your Affronts to him, are doubly such to me; if you continue your provoking Language,

guage, you muſt expect my Tongue will Sally too; and if you are as wiſe, as ſome would make you, you can't but know, I ſhou'd have Theme enough.

Æſ. But is it poſſible you can Love ſo much as you pretend?

Eu. Why, do you queſtion it?

Æſ. Becauſe no Body Loves ſo much as they pretend to: But hark you young Lady; Marriage is to laſt along, long time; and where one Couple Bleſs the Sacred Knot, a Train of Wretches Curſe the Inſtitution. You are in an Age, where Hearts are young and tender, a pleaſing Object gets Admittance ſoon. But ſince to Marriage there s annext this dreadful Word, *For Ever*; the following Example ought to move you.

A Peacock once, of ſplendid ſhow,
Gay, gawdy, foppiſh, vain —— a Beau,
Attackt a fond young Pheaſants Heart
With ſuch Succeſs,
He pleas'd her, though he made her ſmart;
He pierct her with ſo much Addreſs,
She Smil'd the Moment that he fix't his Dart.

A Cookow in a Neighb'ring Tree,
Rich, honeſt, ugly, old, —— like me,
Lov'd her, as he lov'd his Life:
No pamper'd Prieſt, e'er ſtudy'd more,
To make a virtuous Nun a Whore,
Then he to get her for his Wife.
But all his Offers ſtill were vain,
His Limbs were weak, his Face was plain,
Beauty, Youth and Vigour weigh'd,
With the warm deſiring Maid,
No Bird ſhe cry'd wou'd ſerve her turn,
But what cou'd quench as well as burn,
She'd have a young Gallant; ſo one ſhe had.

But

But e'er a Month was come and gone,
The Bride began to change her tone,
She found a young Gallant was an Inconſtant one.
She wander'd to a Neighb'ring Grove,
Where after muſing long on Love,
She told her Confident, ſhe found
When for ones Life one muſt be bound,
(Tho Youth indeed was a delicious Bait;)
An Aged Husband, Rich, tho' Plain,
Wou'd give a ſlaviſh Wife leſs pain,
And what was more, was ſooner ſlain,
Which was a thing of Weight.

Behold young Lady here; The Cookow of the Fable. I am deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the means to make a Figure amongſt Men, that well has recompenc'd the wrongs of Nature; my Rival's Beauty promiſes you much; perhaps my homely Form might yield you more; at leaſt conſider on't, 'tis worth your Thought.

Eu I muſt confeſs, my Fortune wou'd be greater;
But what's a Fortune to a Heart like mine?
'Tis true, I'm but a young Philoſopher,
Yet in that little ſpace my Glaſs has run,
I've ſpent ſome time in ſearch of Happineſs;
The fond purſuit I ſoon obſerv'd of Riches,
Inclin'd me to enquire into their worth:
I found their value was not in themſelves,
But in their power to grant what we cou'd ask.
I then proceeded to my own Deſires,
To know what ſtate of Life wou'd ſuit with them:
I found 'em Moderate in their Demands;
They neither ask'd for Title, State or Power;
They ſlighted the Aſpiring Poſt of Envy:
'Tis true they trembled at the Name Contempt;
A general Eſteem was all they wiſh'd;
And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,

If

If furniſht but with Virtue and good Nature;
My Fortune prov'd ſufficient to afford me
Conveniencies of Life, and Independence.
This, Sir, was the reſult of my Enquiry;
And by this Scheme of Happineſs I build,
When I prefer the Man I Love to you.

Æſ. How wiſe, how witty, and how cleanly young Women grow, as ſoon as ever they are in Love?

Eu. How ſoppiſh, how impertinent, and how nauſeous are old Men, when they pretend to be ſo too?

Æſ. How Pert is Youth?

Eu. How Dull is Age?

Æſ. Why ſo Sharp, young Lady?

Eu. Why ſo blunt, old Gentleman?

Æſ. 'Tis enough; I'll to your Father, I know how to deal with him, tho' I don't know how to deal with you. Before to Morrow Noon, Damſel, Wife ſhall be written on your Brow. (*Exit. Æſ.*

Eu. Then before to Morrow Night, Stateſman, Husband ſhall be ſtampt upon your Forehead. (*Exit. Eu.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Oronces *and* Doris.

Do. PAtience, I beſeech you.

Or. Patience? What, and ſee that lovely Creature thrown into the Arms of that Pedantick Monſter; 'Sdeath, I'd rather ſee the World reduc'd to Atoms, Mankind turn'd into Craw-fiſh, and my ſelf an old Woman.

Do. So you think an old Woman a very unfortunate thing I find; but you are miſtaken Sir; ſhe may plague other Folks, but ſhe's as Entertaining to her ſelf, as any one part of the Creation.

Or. (*walking to and fro.*) She's the Devil, ——And I'm one of the Dam'd, I think. But I'll make ſome Body howl for't, I will ſo.

Do. You'll e'en do as all the young Fellows in the Town do, ſpoil your own Sport; ah —— had young Mens Shoulders, but old Courtiers heads upon 'em, what a delicious time wou'd they have on't. For ſhame be wiſe; for your Miſtreſs's ſake, at leaſt, uſe ſome Caution.

Or. For her ſake I'll reſpect, even like a Deity, her Father. He ſhall ſtrike me; he ſhall tread upou me, and find me humbler, even than a crawling Worm; for I'll not turn again; but for *Æſop*, that unfiniſh'd Lump; that Chaos of Humanity. I'll uſe him, —— nay expect it, for I'll do't —— the firſt Moment that I ſee him, I'll ——

Do. Not Challenge him, I hope; — 'Twou'd be a pretty ſight truly, to ſee *Æſop* drawn up in Battalia: Fie for ſhame, be wiſe once in your Life, think of gaining time, by putting off

off the Marriage for a Day or two, and not of waging War with Pigmies. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himſelf in the Gallery; go and wheedle him, you know his weak ſide; he's good natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old Fatherly Bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at laſt, go get you gone, and play your Part diſcreetly.

Or. Well; I'll try; but if Words won't do with one, Blows ſhall with t'other, by Heavens they ſhall. (*Exit. Or.*

Do. (*Solus.*) Nay, I reckon we ſhall have rare work on't, by and by. Shield us kind Heaven; what things are Men in Love? Now they are Stocks and Stones; then they are Fire and Quickſilver; firſt whining and crying, then Swearing and Damning; this Moment they are in Love, and next Moment they are out of Love; ah ---- cou'd we but live without 'em ---- but it's in vain to think on't. (*Exit. Do.*

Enter Æſop *at one ſide of the Stage, Mrs.* Forge-Will *at t'other.*

For. Sir, I am your moſt devoted Servant: what I ſay is no Complement, I do aſſure you.

Æſ. Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to aſſure you, I am yours.

For. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know that I'm a Widow?

Æſ. Madam, I don't ſo much as know you are a Woman.

For. O Surpriſing! why I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a Widow this Twelve-Month.

Æſ. If a Body may gueſs at your Heart by your Petticoat, Lady, you don't deſign to be ſo a Twelve-Month more.

For. O bleſs me, not a Twelve-Month? why my Husband has left me four ſqualing Brats. Beſides, Sir, I'm undone.

Æſ. You ſeem as chearful an undone Lady, as I have met with.

For. Alas, Sir, I have too great a Spirit ever to let Afflictions ſpoil my Face. Sir, I'll tell you my Condition; and that will lead me to my Buſineſs with you. Sir, my Husband was a Scrivener.

Æſ. The *Deux* he was? I thought he had been a Count at leaſt.

For. Sir, 'Tis not the firſt time I have been taken for a Counteſs; my Mother us'd to ſay, as I lay in my Cradle, I had the Air of a Woman of Quality; and truly I have always liv'd like ſuch. My Husband, indeed, had ſomething Sneaking in him (as moſt Husbands have, you know Sir) but from the Moment I ſet foot in his Houſe, bleſs me, what a Change was there. His Pewter was turn'd into Silver; his Goloſhoes into a Glaſs Coach, and his little Travelling Mare, into a pair of *Flanders* Horſes. Inſtead of a greaſie Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four tall Foot-men, in clean Linnen; all things became new and faſhionable, and nothing look'd aukward in my Family. My Furniture was the wonder of my Neighbourhood, and my Cloaths the admiration of the whole Town; I had a Neck-lace that was envy'd by the Queen; and a pair of Pendants that ſet a Dutcheſs a crying. In a word, I ſaw nothing I lik'd, but I bought it; and my Husband, good Man, durſt ne'er refuſe paying for't. Thus I liv'd, and I Flouriſh'd, 'till he ſickned, and dy'd; but e'er he was cold in his Grave, his Creditors plunder'd my Houſe. But what pity it was to ſee Fellows with dirty Shoes, come into my beſt Rooms, and touch my Hangings with their filthy Fingers. You won't blame me, Sir, if with all my Courage, I weep at this ſenſible part of my Misfortune.

Æſ. A very ſad Story, truly.

For. But now Sir, to my Buſineſs. Having been inform'd this Morning, That the King has appointed a great Sum of Money, for the Marriage of young Women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay: I am come to Acquaint you, I have two ſtrapping Daughters juſt fit for the Matter; and

to

to desire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's Bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the Green Sickness, as half the young Women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more helps for a Disease than one. This Sir, is my Business.

Æs. And this, Madam, is my Answer.

A crawling Toad, all speckled o'er,
Vain, gaudy, painted, patch'd, — a Whore,
Seeing a well-fed Ox hard by,
Regards him with an envious Eye,
And (as the Poets tell;)
Ye Gods I cannot bare't, quoth she,
I'll burst, or be as big as he,
And so began to Swell.

Her Friends and Kindred round her came,
They shew'd her she was much to blame,
The thing was out of reach.
She told 'em they were busie Folks,
And when her Husband wou'd have spoke,
She bid him kiss her B——
With that they all e'en gave her o'er,
And She persisted as before,
'Till with a deal of strife,
She swell'd at last, so much her Spleen,
She burst, like one, that we have seen,
Who was a Scrivener's Wife.

This, Widow, I take to be your Case, and that of a great many others; for this is an Age, where most People get falls, by clambering too high, to reach at what they should not do. The Shoemaker's Wife reduces her Husband to a Cobler, by endeavouring to be as Spruce as the Taylors: The Taylor's brings hers to a Botcher, by going as fine as the Mercers; The

The Mercer's lowers hers to a Foreman, by perking up to the Merchants; The Merchant's wears hers to a Broaker, by ſtrutting up to Quality; and Quality bring theirs to nothing, by ſtriving to out-do one another. If Women were humbler, Men wou'd be honeſter. Pride brings want, want makes Rogues, Rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's the Gainer. Go your ways home, Woman; and as your Husband maintain'd you by his Pen, maintain your Self by your Needle; put your great Girles to Service; Employment will keep 'em Honeſt; much work, and plain Diet, will cure the Green Sickneſs as well as a Husband.

For. VVhy you pitiful Pigmy, preaching, canting, Pick-thank; you little, ſorry, crooked, dry, withered Eunuch; do you know that ——

Æſ. I know that I am ſo deform'd you han't VVit enough to deſcribe me; but I have this good quality, That a fooliſh VVoman can never make me angry.

For. Can't ſhe ſo; I'll try that, I will. (*She falls upon him, holds his hands, and boxes his Ears.*

Æſ. Help, help, help.

Enter Servants. She runs off, they after her.

Æſ. Nay, e'en let her go —— let her go —— don't bring her back again —— I'm for making a Bridge of Gold —— for my Enemy to retreat upon —— I'm quite out of Breath, —— a terrible Woman, I proteſt.

Enter a Country Gentleman drunk, in a Hunting Dreſs, with a Huntſman, Groom, Faulkner, and other Servants: one leading a couple of Hounds, another Grey-hounds, a Third a Spaniel, a Fourth a Gun upon his Shoulder, the Faulkner, a Hawk upon his Fiſt, &c.

Gen. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux: Joular, there Boy, Joular, Joular, Tinker, Pedlar, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs —Blood

—— Blood and Oons —— O there he is; that muſt be he, I have ſeen his Picture.

(*Reeling up to* Æſop.) -- Sir — if your Name's *Æſop* —— I'm your humble Servant.

Æſ. Sir, My Name is *Æſop*, at your Service.

Gent. Why then Sir —— Complements being paſt on both ſides —— with your leave —— we'll proceed to Buſineſs. Sir, I am, by Profeſſion —— a Gentleman of —— Three Thouſand Pounds a Year —— Sir, I keep a good Pack of Hounds, and a good Stable of Horſes.

(*To his Groom.*) How many Horſes have I, Sirrah? —— Sir, this is my Groom. (*preſenting him to* Æſop.)

Groom. Your VVorſhip has ſix Coach-Horſes, (Cut and Long-Tail) two Runners, halfa dozen Hunters, four breeding Mares, and two blind Stallions, beſides Pads, Routs, and Dog-Horſes.

Gen. Look you there Sir, *I* ſcorn to tell a Lye. He that queſtions my Honour —— He's a Son of a VVhore. But to Buſineſs —— Having heard Sir, that, you were come to this Town; *I* have taken the pains to come hither too, tho', *I* had a great deal of Buſineſs upon my Hands, for, I had appointed three *Juſtices* of the *Peace* to Hunt with 'em this Morning —— and be Drunk with 'em in the Afternoon. But the main Chance, muſt be lookt to —— and that's this —— I deſire Sir, you'll tell the King from me —— I don't like theſe Taxes —— In one word as well as in Twenty —— I don't like theſe Taxes.

Æſ. Pray, Sir, how high may you be Tax't.

Gen. How high may I be Tax't Sir, —— VVhy, I may be Tax't Sir, —— four Shillings in the Pound, Sir, one half I pay in Money —— and t'other half I pay in Perjury, Sir. Hey, Joular, Joular, Joular. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux. Who, hoo —— Here's the beſt Hound Bitch in *Europe*, Zoons is ſhe. And I had rather kiſs her, then kiſs my Wife —— Rot me if I had not —— But, Sir, I don't like theſe Taxes.

Æſ. Why how wou'd you have the War carry'd on?

Gent. War carry'd on Sir? —— VVhy I had rather have no War

War carry'd on at all Sir, than pay Taxes. I don't desire to be ruin'd Sir.

Æs. VVhy you say you have Three Thousand Pounds a Year.

Gent. And so I have, Sir —— *Lett-Acre.* Sir, this is my Steward. How much Land have I, *Lett-Acre*?

Lett-Acre. Your VVorship has Three Thausand Paunds a Year, as good Lond as any's i'th' Caunty; and two Thausand Paunds worth of VVood, to cut dawne at your VVorship's pleasure, and put the Money in your Pocket.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, what have you to say to that?

Æs. I have to say, Sir, that you may pay your Taxes in Money, instead of Perjury, and still have a better Revenue, than I'm afraid you deserve. VVhat Service do you do your King Sir?

Gent. None at all Sir — I'm above it.

Æs. VVhat Service may you do your Country pray?

Gent. I'm Justice of the Peace --- and Captain of the Militia.

Æs. Of what use are you to your Kindred?

Gent. I'm the Head of the Family, and have all the Estate.

Æs. VVhat Good do you do your Neighbours?

Gent. I give 'em their Bellies full of Beef, every time they come to see me; and make 'em so drunk they Spew it up again, before they go away.

Æs. How do you use your Tenants?

Gent. Why I Skrew up their Rents 'till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again; I let 'em Rot in a Goal.

Æs. How do you Treat your Wife?

Gent. I treat her all Day with ill Nature and Tobacco; and all Night with Snoring, and a dirty Shirt.

Æs. How do you Breed your Children?

Gent. I breed my Eldest Son—a Fool; my Youngest breed themselves; and my Daughters —— have no Breeding at all.

Æs.

Æſ. 'Tis very well Sir, I ſhall be ſure to ſpeak to the King of you; or if you think fit to Remonſtrance to him, by way of Petition or Addreſs, how reaſonable it may be to let Men of your Importance go Scot-free, in the time of a neceſſary War, I'll deliver it in Council, and ſpeak to it as I ought.

Gent. Why, Sir, I don't diſapprove your Advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't Spell well.

Æſ. You may get it writ at your Leiſure, and ſend it me. But becauſe you are not much us'd to draw up Addreſſes perhaps; I'll tell you in general, what kind of one this ought to be.

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty ——

(*To the Gent.*) You'll excuſe me if I don't know your Name and Title.

Gent. Sir *Polidorus Hogſtye*, of *Beaſt-Hall*, in *Swine County*.

Æſ. Very well.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty; Polidorus Hogſtye, *of* Beaſt-Hall, *in* Swine County, *moſt humbly repreſents, That he hates to Pay Taxes, the dreadful Conſequences of 'em being inevitably theſe; That he muſt retrench two Diſhes in Ten, where not above ſix of 'em are deſign'd for Gluttony.*

Four Bottles out of Twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for Drunkenneſs.

Six Horſes out of Thirty; of which not above Twenty are kept for State.

And four Servants out of a Score; where one half do nothing but make Work for t'other.

To this deplorable Condition muſt your Important Subject be reduc'd, or forct to cut down his Timber, which he wou'd willingly preſerve, againſt an ill run at Dice.

And as to the neceſſity of the War, for the Security of the Kingdom; he neither knows, nor cares, whether it be neceſſary, or not.

He concludes, with his Prayers for Your Majeſty's Life, upon condition, you will Protect him and his Fox-hounds, at Beaſt-Hall, *without e'er a Penny of Money.*

(*To the Gent.*) This Sir, I ſuppoſe, is much what you wou'd be at.

Gent. Exactly, Sir, I'll be ſure to have one drawn up, to the ſelf ſame purpoſe; and next Fox-Hunting, I'll engage half the Company ſhall ſet their Hands to't.

Sir I am your — moſt devoted Servant; and if you pleaſe to let me ſee you at *Beaſt-Hall*, here's my Huntſman *Hounds-foot* will ſhew you a Fox, ſhall lead you through ſo many Hedges and Bryers, you ſhall have no more Cloaths on your Back in half an Hours time — then you had — in the Womb of your Mother. Haux, haux, haux, *&c.* (*Ex. Shout.*

Æſ. O Tempora, O Mores!

Enter Mr. Fruitful, *and his Wife.*

Mr. F. Heavens preſerve the Noble *Æſop*; grant him long Life and happy Days.

Mrs. F. And ſend him a fruitful Wife, with a hopeful Iſſue.

Æſ. And what is it I'm to do for you good People, to make you amends for all theſe friendly wiſhes?

Mr. F. Sir, here's my ſelf and my Wife —

Mrs. F. Sir, here's I, and my Husband — (*to her Husband.*) Let me ſpeak in my turn, Goodman Forward.

(*To Æſ.*) Sir, here's I, and my Husband, I ſay, think we have as good Pretenſions to the King's Favour, as ever a Lord in the Land.

Æſ. If you have no better then ſome Lords in the Land, I hope you won't expect much for your Service.

Mr. F. An't pleaſe you, you ſhall be Judge your ſelf.

Mrs. F. That's as he gives Sentence, Mr. Little-wit; who gave you power to come to a Reference. If he do's not do us Right, the King himſelf ſhall; what's to be done here?

(*To Æſ.*) Sir, I'm forc't to Correct my Husband a little; poor Man, he is not us'd to Court Buſineſs; but to give him his

his due, he's ready enough at ſome things: Sir, I have had twenty fine Children by him; fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be; five tall Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons ſerve their King and their Country.

Æſ. A goodly Company upon my word.

Mrs. F. Wou'd all Men take as much pains for the Peopling the Kingdom, we might tuck up our Aprons, and cry a Fig for our Enemies; but we have ſuch a parcel of Drones amongſt us — Hold up your Head, Husband — He's a little out of Countenance, Sir, becauſe I chid him; but the Man's a very good Man at the bottom. But to come to my Buſineſs, Sir; I hope His Majeſty will think it reaſonable to allow me ſomething for the Service I have done him; 'tis pity but Labour ſhou'd be encourag'd, eſpecially when what one has done, one has don't with a good will.

(*To* Mr. *F.*) What Profeſſion are you of, good People?

Mrs. *F.* My Husband's an Inn-keeper, Sir; he bares the Name, but I govern the Houſe.

Æſ. And what Poſts are your Sons in, in the Service?

Mrs. *F.* Sir, there are four Monks.

Mr. *F.* Three Attorneys.

Mrs. *F.* Two Scriveners.

Mr. *F.* And an Exciſe-man.

Æſ. The deux o'the Service; why I thought they had been all in the Army.

Mrs. *F.* Not one, Sir.

Æſ. No, ſo it ſeems, by my Troth: Ten Sons that ſerve their Country, quoth a, Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners and Exciſe-men, Serve their Country with a Vengeance; you deſerve to be rewarded, truly; you deſerve to be hang'd, you wicked People you.

Get you gone out of my ſight;
I never was ſo angry in my Life. (*Exit. Æſ.*

(Mr. *F. to his Wife.*) So; who's in the right now; you or I; I told you what wou'd come on't; you muſt be always a Breeding, and Breeding, and the King wou'd take care of

'em, and the Queen wou'd take care of 'em. And always some pretence or other there was. But now we have got a great Kennel of Whelps, and the Devil will take care of 'em, for ought I see. For your Sons are all Rogues, and your Daughters are all Whores, you know they are.

Mrs. *F.* What, you are a grudging of your Pains now, you Lazy, Sluggish, Flegmatick Drone. You have a mind to die of a Lethargy, have you? but I'll raise your Spirits for you, I will so. Get you gone home, go; go home you Idle Sot, you, I'll raise your Spirits for you. (*Exit, pushing him before her.*

Re-enter Æsop.

Æs. Solus. Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners, and Excisemen.

Enter Orondes.

Or. O here he is: Sir, I have been searching you, to say two Words to you.

Æs. And now you have found me Sir, what are they?

Or. They are, Sir — that my Name's *Oronces*; you comprehend me.

Æs. I comprehend your Name.

Or. And not my Business?

Æs. Not I, by my Troth.

Or. Then I shall endeavour to teach it you, Monsieur *Æsop.*

Æs. And I to learn it, Monsieur *Oronces.*

Or. Know Sir — that I admire *Euphronia.*

Æs. Know Sir — that you are in the right on't.

Or. But I pretend, Sir, that no Body else shall admire her.

Æs. Then I pretend, Sir, she won't admire you.

Or. Why so Sir?

Æs. Because, Sir.

Or. What Sir?

Æs.

Æſ. She's a Woman, Sir.

Or. What then Sir?

Æſ. Why then Sir, ſhe deſires to be admir'd by every Man ſhe meets.

Or. Sir, You are too familiar.

Æſ. Sir, You are too haughty; I muſt ſoften that harſh tone of yours: It don't become you, Sir; it makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: And that you may know the uſe of good Language, I'll tell you what once happen'd.

Once on a Time ——

Or. I'll have none of your old Wives Fables, Sir: I have no Time to loſe; therefore, in a word ——

Æſ. In a word, be mild. For nothing elſe will do you Service. Good Manners and ſoft words have brought many a difficult thing to paſs. Therefore hear me patiently.

A Cook one Day, who had been drinking,
(Only as many times you know,
You ſpruce young witty Beaux will do,
To avoid the dreadful pain of Thinking)
Had Orders ſent him to behead
A Gooſe, like any Chaplain fed.
He took ſuch Pains, to ſet his Knife right,
'Twas done one good t'have loſt ones Life by't.
But many Men, have many Minds,
There's various Taſts, in various Kinds,
A Swan (who by miſtake he ſeiz'd)
With wretched Life was better pleas'd.
For as he went to give the Blow,
In tuneful Notes, ſhe let him know,
She neither was a Gooſe, nor wiſht
To make her Exit *ſo.*

The Cook (who thought of nought but Blood,
Except it were the Greaſe,
For that you know's his Fees)

To

To hear her Sing, in Great Amazement ſtood.
Cods Fiſh, Quoth he, 'twas well you ſpoak
For I was juſt, upon the ſtroak.
Your Feathers have ſo much of Gooſe,
A Drunken Cook, cou'd do no leſs,
Then think you one; That you'll Confeſs.
But y' are a Voice, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet,
That rather then you ſhall be eat,
The Houſe ſhall Starve, for want of Meat
And ſo he turn'd her looſe.

(*To Or.* Now Sir; what ſay you? VVill you be the Swan, or the Gooſe?

Or. The Choice can't, ſure, be difficult to make,
I hope, you will excuſe my Youthful heat,
Young Men and Lovers, have a Claim to Pardon
But ſince the faults of Age, have no ſuch Plea,
I hope, you'll be more Cautious of offending.
The Flame that warms *Euphronia's* heart and mine
Has long, alas! been kindled in our Breaſts,
Even years are paſt, ſince our two Souls were wedd,
'Twou'd be Adultery, but to wiſh to part 'em.
And wou'd a Lump of Clay alone content you,
A Miſtreſs Cold and Senſeleſs in your Arms,
Without the leaſt remains, or Signs of Life
Except her Sighs, to Mourn her Abſent Lover.
Whilſt you ſhou'd preſs her, in your eager Arms,
With fond deſire, and extaſie of Love,
Wou'd it not pierce you, to the very Soul;
To ſee her Tears, run trick'ling down her Cheeks,
And know their Fountain, mean't 'em all to me?
Cou'd you bare this?
Yet thus the Gods revenge themſelves on thoſe
Who ſtop the Happy Courſe of mutual Love.
If you muſt be, unfortunate One way
Chuſe that, where Juſtice may ſupport your Grief

And

And ſhun the weighty Curſe, of Injur'd Lovers.

Æſ. Why this is pleading, like a Swan indeeed ——
Were any thing at Stake, but my *Euphronia*

Or. Your *Euphronia* Sir, ——

Æſ. The Gooſe — take heed —
VVere any thing, I ſay, at ſtake but her;
Your Plea would be too ſtrong to be refus'd.
But our Debate's about a Lady Sir,
That's Young, that's Beautiful, that's made for Love
— So am not I you'll ſay? But y'are miſtaken Sir; I'm made to Love, tho not to be belov'd. I have a heart like yours: I've folly too: I've every Inſtrument of Love like others.

Or. But Sir, you have not been ſo long a Lover,
Your Paſſion's young and tender,
'Tis eaſie for you to become its Maſter.
VVhil'ſt I ſhou'd ſtrive in Vain, mine's Old and Fix't.

Æſ. The older 'tis, the eaſier to be govern'd,
Were mine of as long a ſtanding, 'twere poſſible I might get the better on't. Old Paſſions are like Old Men; VVeak, and ſoon joſtled into the Channel.

Or. Yet Age ſometimes is ſtrong, even to the Virge of Life.

Æſ. Ay, but there our Compariſon don't hold.

Or. You are too merry, to be much in Love,

Æſ. And you too ſad, to be ſo long.

Or. My Grief may end my days, ſo Quench my Flame; But nothing elſe can e'r extinguiſh it.

Æſ. Don't be Diſcourag'd Sir; I have ſeen many a Man out live his Paſſion Twenty years.

Or. But I have Sworn, to dye *Euphronia*'s Slave.

Æſ. A Decay'd Face, always abſolves a Lovers Oath.

Or. Lovers, whoſe Oaths are made to Faces then? But 'tis *Euphronia's* Soul that I adore, which never can decay.

Æſ.

Æſ. I wou'd fain ſee a young Fellow in Love with a Soul of Threeſcore.

Or. Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you ſhall,
At leaſt if Heaven's Bounty will afford us,
But Years enough to prove my Conſtancy,
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. (*Exit Or.*

Æſop ſolus.

A good pretence however, to beg a long Life.
How groſly do the Inclinations of the Fleſh,
Impoſe upon the ſimplicity of the Spirit?
Had this young Fellow but ſtudied Anatomy, he'd have found the Source of his Paſſion, lay far from his Miſtreſs's Soul.
Alas, Alas!
Had Women no more Charms in their Bodies,
Than what they have in their Minds,
We ſhou'd ſee more wiſe Men in the World,
Much fewer Lovers and Poets. (*Exit.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Eu. HEavens, what is't you make me do, *Doris*? Apply my ſelf to the Man I loath; beg Favours from him I hate; ſeek a Reprieve from him I abhor? 'Tis low, 'tis mean, 'tis baſe in me.

Do. Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do *Æſope*, (or within a ſmall matter) and ſhou'd you think it a ſcandal to pray him to let you alone a day or two, if he were a going to run away with you; ha?

Eu. I don't know what I think, nor what I ſay, nor what I do: But ſure th'art not my Friend, thus to adviſe me.

Do. I adviſe? I adviſe nothing; e'en follow your own way, marry him and make much of him. I have a mind to ſee ſome of his Breed; if you like it, I like it: He ſhan't breed out of me only; that's all I have to take care of.

Eu. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Do. Why, to morrow's the day, fix'd and firm, you know it; Much Meat, little Order, great many Relations, few Friends, Horſe-play, Noiſe, and bawdy Stories; all's ready for a Compleat Wedding.

Eu. Oh, what ſhall I do?

Do. Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and yet your tender Conſcience ſcruples to drop one Hypocritical

Curſy, and ſay, 'pray', Mr *Æſope*, be ſo kind to defer it a few days longer.

Eu. Thou know'ſt I cannot diſſemble.

Do. I know you can diſſemble well enough when you ſhou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces*; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiſs'd the ground he went on; affront him in all publick Places; ridicule him in all Company; abuſe him where-ever you went; and when you had reduc'd him within Ams Ace of hanging or drowning, then come home with Tears in your Eyes, and cry, now, *Doris*, let's go lock our ſelves up, and talk of my dear *Oronces*. Is not this true?

Eu. Yes, yes, yes. But, prithee, have ſome Compaſſion on me. Come, I'll do any thing thou bidd'ſt me—— What ſhall I ſay to this Monſter? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

Do. Nay, then there's ſome hopes of you.

Why, you muſt tell him——'Tis natural to you to diſlike Folks at firſt ſight: That ſince you have conſider'd him better, you find your Averſion abated: That though perhaps it may be a hard matter for you ever to think him a Beau, you don't deſpair in time of finding out his *Jene ſcai quoy*. And that on t'other ſide; tho' you have hitherto thought (as moſt young Women do) that nothing cou'd remove your firſt Affection, yet you have very great hopes in the natural Inconſtancy of your Sex.

Tell him, 'tis not impoſſible a change may happen, provided he gives you time: But that if he goes to force you, there's another piece of Nature peculiar to Woman, which may chance to ſpoil all, and that's Contradiction: Ring that Argument well in his Ears: He's a Philoſopher, he knows it has weight in't.

In

In ſhort, Wheadle, whine, flatter, lye, weep, ſpare nothing, it's a moiſt Age, Women have Tears enough; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more time, we'll employ it in Cloſet-Debates how to cheat him to the end of the Chapter.

Eu. But you don't conſider, *Doris*, that by this means I engage my ſelf to him; and can't afterwards with Honour retreat.

Do. Madam, I know the World —— Honour's a Jeſt, when Jilting's uſeful.

Beſides, he that wou'd have you break your Oath with *Oronces*, can never have the Impudence to blame you for cracking your Word with himſelf. But who knows what may happen between the Cup and the Lip. Let either of the Old Gentlemen dye, and we ride triumphant. Wou'd I cou'd but ſee the Stateſman ſick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, a Couſin of mine, a Man of Conſcience, a wiſe Phiſician; tip but the Wink, he underſtands you.

Eu. Thou wicked Wench, woud'ſt poiſon him?

Do. I don't know what I wou'd do, I think, I ſtudy, I invent, and ſome how I will get rid of him. I do more for you, I'm ſure, than you and your Knight-Errant do together for your ſelves.

Eu. Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou know'ſt we do.

Do. Nay, I know y'are willing enough to get together; but y'are a couple of helpleſs Things, Heaven knows.

Eu. Our Stars, thou ſee'ſt, are bent to Oppoſition.

Do. Stars!——I'd fain ſee the Stars hinder me from running away with a Man I lik't.

Eu. Ay, But thou know'ſt, ſhou'd I diſoblige my Father, he'd give my Portion to my younger Siſter.

Do. Ay, there the Shooe pinches; there's the Love of the Age: Ah!——to what an Ebb of Paſſion are Lovers

ſunk in theſe days. Give me a Woman that runs away with a Man, when his whole Eſtate's pack'd up in his Snap-ſack. That tucks up her Coats to her Knees; and through thick and through thin, from Quarters to Camp trudges heartily on, with a Child at her Back, another in her Arms, and a brace in her Belly: There's Flame with a Witneſs, where this is the Effects on't. But we muſt have Love in a Feather-bed, Forſooth, a Coach and Six Horſes, Clean Linen and a Cawdle; Fie, for ſhame.

O ho, here comes our Man. Now ſhew your ſelf a Woman, if you are one.

Enter Æſope.

Eſ. I'm told, fair Virgin, you deſire to ſpeak with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themſelves; I take your Meſſage for a Favour. I hope 'twas meant ſo.

Eu. Favours from Women are ſo cheap of late, Men may expect 'em truly without Vanity.

Eſ. If the Women are ſo liberal, I think the Men are generous too on their ſide: 'Tis a well-bred Age, thank Heaven; and a deal of Civility there paſſes between the two Sexes. What Service is't, that I can do you, Lady?

Eu. Sir, I have a ſmall Favour to intreat you.

Eſ. What is't? I don't believe I ſhall refuſe you.

Eu. What, if you ſhou'd promiſe me you won't.

Eſ. Why, then I ſhou'd make a Divorce between my good Breeding and my Sence, which ought to be as ſacred a Knot as that of Wedlock.

Eu. Dare you not truſt then, Sir, the thing you love?

Eſ. Not when the thing I love don't love me; never.

Do. Truſt is ſometimes the way to be belov'd.

Eſ. Ay, but 'tis oftner the way to be cheated.

Eu.

Eu. Pray promiſe me you'll grant my ſuit.

Do. 'Tis a reaſonable one, I give you my word for't.

Eſ. If it be ſo, I do promiſe to grant it.

Do. That's ſtill leaving your ſelf Judge.

Eſ. Why, who's more concern'd in the Tryal?

Do. But no body ought to be Judge in their own Cauſe.

Eſ. Yet he that is ſo, is ſure to have no wrong done him.

Do. But if he do's wrong to others, that's worſe.

Eſ. Worſe for them, but not for him.

Do. True Polititian by my troth!

Eſ. Men muſt be ſo, when they have to do with Sharpers.

Eu. If I ſhould tell you then, there were a poſſibility I might be brought to Love you; you'd ſcarce believe me?

Eſ. I ſhou'd hope as a Lover, and ſuſpect as a Stateſman.

Do. aſide) Love and Wiſdom! There's the Paſſion of the Age again.

Eu. You have liv'd long Sir, and obſerv'd much: Did you never ſee Time produce ſtrange Changes?

Eſ. Amongſt Women I muſt confeſs I have.

Eu. Why I'm a Woman, Sir.

Eſ. Why truly that gives me ſome hopes.

Eu. I'll encreaſe 'em, Sir; I have already been in Love two years.

Do. And time you know, wears all things to tatters.

Eſ. Well obſerv'd.

Eu. What if you ſhou'd allow me ſome, to try what I can do?

Eſ. Why truly, I wou'd have patience a day or two, if there were as much probability of my being your new Gallant, as perhaps there may be of your changing your old one.

Do. She ſhall give you fair play for't, Sir; Opportunity and leave to prattle, and that's what carries moſt Women in our days. Nay, ſhe ſhall do more for you. You ſhall play with

with her Fan; squeese her little Finger; buckle her Shoe; read a Romance to her in the Arbour; and saunter in the Woods, on a Moon-shiny night. If this don't melt her, she's no Woman; or you no Man ——

Es. I'm not a Man to melt a Woman that way: I know my self, and know what they require. 'Tis through a Womans Eye you pierce her Heart. And, I've no Darts can make their entrance there.

Do. You are a great Statesman, Sir; but I find you know little of our matters. A Womans Heart's to be enter'd forty ways. Every Sence she has about her, keeps a door to't. With a Smock-face, and a Feather, you get in at her Eyes. With powerful Nonsence, in soft words; you creep in at her Ears. An Essenc'd Peruke, and a Sweet Handkerchief; let's you in at her Nose. With a Treat and a Box full of Sweet-Meats, you slip in at her Mouth: And if you would enter by her Sense of Feeling, 'tis as beaten a Road as the rest. What think you now, Sir? *There are more ways to the Wood than one*, you see.

Es. Why, y'are an admirable Pilot: I don't doubt but you have steer'd many a Ship safe to Harbour: But I'm an old stubborn Sea-man; I must Sail by my own Compass still.

Eu. And by your Obstinacy, lose your Vessel.

Es. No: I'm just entring into Port; we'll be Marryed to morrow.

Eu. For Heaven's sake, deferr it some days longer: I cannot Love you yet, indeed I cannot.

Es. Nor never will, I dare swear.

Eu. Why then will you Marry me?

Es. Because I Love you.

Eu. If you Lov'd me, you wou'd never make me miserable.

Es. Not if I Lov'd you for your sake; but I Love you for my own.

Do.

Do. (*aſide*) There's an old Rogue for you.

Eu. (*weeping.*) Is there no way left? Muſt I be wretched?

Eſ. 'Tis but reſolving to be pleas'd. You can't imagine the ſtrength of Reſolution. I have ſeen a Woman reſolve to be in the wrong, all the days of her life: And by the help of her Reſolution, ſhe has kept her word to a tittle.

Eu. Methinks the Subject we're upon, ſhou'd be of weight enough to make you ſerious.

Eſ. Right: To morrow morning pray be ready: You'll find me ſo: I'm ſerious: Now I hope you are pleas'd.

[*turning away from her.*

Eu. (*Going off weeping, and leaning upon* Doris.) Break Heart! For if thou hold'ſt, I'm miſerable.

Do. to *Eſ.* Now may the Extravagance of a lewd Wife, with the Inſolence of a Vertuous one, join hand in hand to bring thy Gray Hairs to the Grave.

Exeunt Eu. *and* Do.

Eſ. My old Friend wiſhes me well to the laſt I ſee.

Enter Learcus *haſtily, followed by* Oronces.

Or. Pray hear me, Sir.

L. 'Tis in vain: I'm reſolv'd, I tell thee.
Moſt Noble *Æſope*, Since you are pleas'd to accept of my poor Off-ſpring for your Conſort, be ſo Charitable to my Old Age, to deliver me from the Impertinence of Youth, by making her your Wife this Inſtant, for there's a Plot againſt my Life, they have reſolv'd to teaze me to Death to night, that they may break the Match to morrow morning. Marry her this Inſtant, I intreat you.

Eſ. This Inſtant, ſay you?

L. This Inſtant; this very Inſtant.

Eſ. 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in moment. *Exit.* Eſ.

L.

L. Now what ſay you, Mr. *Flame-Fire*? I ſhall have the whip hand of you preſently.

Or. Defer it but till to morrow, Sir.

L. That you may run away with her to night, ha? —— Sir, your moſt Obedient Humble Servant.
Hey; who waits there? Call my Daughter to me: quick. I'll give her her diſpatches preſently.

Enter Euphronia.

Eu. D'ye call, Sir?

L. Yes; I do Minx. Go Shift your ſelf, and put on your beſt Cloaths. You are to be Marry'd.

Eu. Marry'd, Sir?

L. Yes, Marry'd Madam; and that this Inſtant too.

Eu. Dear Sir! ——

L. Not a word: Obedience and a clean Smock. Diſpatch.

Exit Eu. *weeping.*

Learcus *going off, turns to* Oronces.

Sir, your moſt Obedient Humble Servant.

Or. Yet hear what I've to ſay.

L. And what have you to ſay, Sir?

Or. Alas! I know not what I have to ſay!

L. Very like ſo. That's a ſure ſign he's in Love now.

Or. Have you no Bowels?

L. Ha, ha! Bowels in a Parent! Here's a young Fellow for you. Hark thee, Stripling. Being in a very merry humour, I don't care if I diſcover ſome Paternal Secrets to thee.

Know then; that how humourſome, how whimſical ſoever we may appear, there's one fixt Principle that runs through almoſt

almoſt the whole Race of us; and that's to pleaſe our ſelves. Why, do'ſt think I got my Daughter? Why there was ſomething in't that pleas'd me. Why do'ſt think I Marry my Daughter? Why, to pleaſe my ſelf ſtill. And what is't that pleaſes me? Why my Intereſt, what do'ſt think it ſhou'd be? If *Æſop*'s my Son in Law, he'll make me a Lord: If thou art my Son in-Law—— thou'lt make me a Grand-father. Now I having more mind to be a Lord than a Grand-father, give my Daughter to him, and not to thee.

Or. Then ſhall her Happineſs weigh nothing with you?

L. Not this: If it did, I'd give her to thee, and not to him.

Or. Do you think forc'd Marriage the way to keep Women Vertuous?

L. No; nor I don't care whether Women are Vertuous or not.

Or. You know your Daughter Loves me.

L. I do ſo.

Or. What if the Children that *Æſope* may happen to Father, ſhou'd chance to be begot by me?

L. Why then *Æſope* wou'd be the Cuckold, not I.

Or. Is that all you care?

L. Yes: I ſpeak as a Father.

Or. What think you of your Childs concern in t'other World?

L. Why, I think it my Childs concern; not mine. I ſpeak as a Father.

Or. Do you remember you once gave me your Conſent to Wed your Daughter?

L. I did.

Or. Why did you ſo?

L. Becauſe you were the beſt Match that offer'd at that time. I did like a Father.

Or. Why then, Sir, I'll do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your Word, or cut your Throat.

L. Who waites there? Hey?

Enter Servants.

Seize me that Bully there. Carry him to Prison, and keep him safe.

[*They seize him.*

Or. Why, you won't use me thus?

L. Yes, but I will tho'. Away with him. Sir, your most Humble Servant. I wish you a good Nights Rest, and as far as a Merry Dream goes, my Daughter's at your Service.

[*Exeunt Servants with* Oronces.

Or. Death and Furies.

L. Singing.] *Dol, de tol dol, dol dol, de tol dol:*
Lilly Burleighre's lodg'd in a Bough.

Enter a Troop of Musicians, Dancers, &c.

L. How now? What have we got here?

Mus. Sir, we are a Troop of Trifling Fellow, Fiddlers and Dancers, come to Celebrate the Wedding of your Fair Daughter: If your Honour pleases to give us leave.

L. With all my Heart. But who do you take me for, Sir; Ha?

Mus. I take your Honour for our Noble Governour of *Syracus*.

L. Governour of *Syracus*; Governour of a Cheese-Cake. I'm Father-in-law to the Great *Æsope*, Sirrah.

All bow to him.

Aside.] —— I shall be a Great Man.

Come, Tune your Fiddles; Shake your Legs. Get all things ready. My Son-in-law will be here preſently —— I ſhall be a great Man.

[*Exit.*

Muſ. A great Marriage Brother. What do'ſt think will be the end on't?

2. *Muſ.* Why, I believe we ſhall ſee three turns upon't. This Old Fellow here, will turn Fool; his Daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-law will turn 'em both out of doors. But that's nothing to thee nor me, as long as we are paid for our Fidling. So tune away, Gentlemen.

1. *Muſ.* D'ye hear Trumpets? When the Bride appears, Salute her with a Melancholly Waſt. 'Twill ſuit her humour; for I gueſs ſhe mayn't be over well pleas'd.

Enter Learcus *with ſeveral Friends and a Prieſt.*

L. Gentlemen and Friends, y'are all welcome. I have ſent to as many of you, as our ſhort time wou'd give me leave, to deſire you wou'd be Witneſſes of the Honour the Great *Æſope* deſigns our ſelf and Family. Hey; who attends there?

Go, let my Daughter know I wait for her.

[*Exit Servants.*

—— 'Tis a vaſt Honour that is done me, Gentlemen.

2. *Gent.* It is indeed, my Lord.

L. Aſide.] Look you there; if they don't call me my Lord already. —— I ſhall be a great Man.

Enter Euphronia *weeping, and leaning upon* Doris, *both in deep Mourning.*

L. How now? What's here? All in deep Mourning? Here's a provoking Baggage for you.

The Trumpets ſound a Melancholly Air till *Æſope* appears; and then the Violins and Hautbois ſtrike up a *Lancſhire Hornpipe*.

Enter Æſope *in a Gay Foppiſh Dreſs, Long Peruke,* &c. *a Gaudy Equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter, in an Airy Briſk manner.*

Æſope *in an affected tone, to* Euphronia.

Gad take my Soul, Mame, I hope I ſhall pleaſe you now.—Gentlemen all; I'm your Humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy Man you ſee.

To *Eu*] When the heat of the Ceremony's over, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Mame; I'll wait upon you to take the Air in the Park. Hey, Page. Let there be a Coach and ſix Horſes ready inſtantly.

Obſerving her Dreſs] — I vow to Gad, Mame; I was ſo taken up with my good Fortune, I did not obſerve the extream fancy of your Ladyſhips Wedding-Cloaths.——Infinitely pretty, as I hope to be ſav'd: a World of Variety, and not at all Gawdy.

To L.]—— My Dear Father-in-Law. Embrace me.

L. Your Lordſhip does me too much Honour.

Aſide.]—— I ſhall be a Great Man.

Eſ. Come Gentlemen; Are all things ready? Where's the Prieſt?

Pr. Here, my Noble Lord.

Eſ. Moſt Reverend— Will you pleaſe to ſay Grace that I may fall to; for I'm very hungry, and here's very good Meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The leaſt we can do, is to invite him to the Wedding.

L. My Lord he's in Priſon.

Eſ. In Priſon! how ſo?

L. He wou'd have murder'd me.

Eſ. A bloody Fellow! But let's ſee him however. Send for him quickly.

Ha, Governor —— that handſome Daughter of yours, I will ſo mumble her ——

L. I ſhall be a great Man.

Enter Oronces *pinion'd and guarded.*

Eſ. O ho: Here's my Rival: Then we have all we want. Advance, Sir, if you pleaſe. I deſire you'll do me the Favour to be a Witneſs to my Marriage, leſt one of theſe days you ſhou'd take a Fancy to diſpute my Wife with me.

Or. Do you then ſend for me to inſult me: 'Tis baſe in you.

Eſ. I have no time now to throw away upon Points of Generoſity; I have hotter Work upon my hands. Come, Prieſt, advance.

L. Pray hold him faſt there; he has the Devil and all of Miſchief in's Eye.

Eſ. to *Eu.*] Will you Ladyſhip pleaſe, Mame, to give me your fair hand——hey-day.

[*She refuſes her Hand.*

L. I'll give it you, my Noble Lord, if ſhe won't.

Aſide.] A ſtubborn, ſelf-will'd, ſtiff-necked Strumpet.

Learcus *holds out her Hand to* Æſope, *who takes it*; Oronces *ſtands on* Æſope's *left hand, and the Prieſt before 'em.*

Eſ.

Eſ. Let my Rival ſtand next me: Of all Men I'd have him be ſatisfy'd.

Or. Barbarous Inhumane Monſter.

Eſ. Now, Prieſt do thy Office.

Flouriſh with the Trumpets.

Pr. Since the Eternal Laws of Fate decree,
That He, thy Husband; She, thy Wife ſhou'd be.
May Heaven take you, to its Care.
May *Jupiter* look kindly down,
Place on your Heads Contentments Crown;
And may his Godhead never frown
Upon this Happy Pair.

[*Flouriſh agen of Trumpets.*

[*As the Prieſt pronounces the laſt Line,* Æſope *joins* Oronces *and* Euphronia's *hands.*

Or. O happy Change: Bleſſings on Bleſſings wait on the Generous *Eſope.*

Eſ. Happy, thrice happy may you ever be.
And if you think, there's ſomething due to me,
Pay it in mutual Love and Conſtancy.

Eu. to *Eſ.*] You'll pardon me, moſt Generous Man, if in the preſent Tranſports of my Soul, which you your ſelf have by your Bounty caus'd, my willing Tongue is ty'd from uttering the Thoughts that flow from a moſt grateful Heart.

Eſ. For what I've done, I merit little Thanks,
Since what I've done, my Duty bound me to.
I wou'd your Father had acquitted his:
But he who's ſuch a Tyrant o'er his Children,
To ſacrifice their Peace to his Ambition,

Is

Is fit to govern nothing but himſelf.

To L.] and therefore, Sir, at my return to Court,
I ſhall take Care this City may be ſway'd
By more Humanity than dwells in you.

Lea. aſide.] I ſhall be a great Man.

Eu. to *Eſ.*] Had I not reaſon, from your Conſtant Goodneſs,
To judge your Bounty, Sir, is infinite,
I ſhou'd not dare to ſue for farther Favours.
But pardon me; if imitating Heaven and you,
I eaſily forgive my aged Father,
And beg that *Æſope* wou'd forgive him too.

[*Kneeling to him.*

Eſ. The Injury he wou'd have done to you, was great indeed: But 'twas a Bleſſing he deſign'd for me; if therefore you can pardon him, I may.

To L.] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on her Knees intreated for her cruel, barbarous Father; and by her Goodneſs has obtain'd her Suit. If in the Remnant of your days, you can find out ſome way to recompence her, do it, That Men and Gods may pardon you, as ſhe and I have done. But let me ſee, I have one Quarrel ſtill to make up. Where's my old Friend, *Doris.*

Do. She's here, Sir, at your Service; and as much your Friend as ever: True to her Principles, and firm to her Miſtreſs. But ſhe has a much better Opinion of you now than ſhe had half an hour ago.

Eſ. She has reaſon: For my Soul appear'd then as deform'd as my Body. But I hope now, one may ſo far mediate for t'other, that, provided I don't make Love, the Women won't quarrel with me; for they are worſe Enemies even than they are Friends.

Come, Gentlemen, I'll humour my Dreſs a little longer, and ſhare with you in the Diverſions theſe Boon Companions

nions have prepar'd us. Let's take our Places, and ſee how they can divert us.

Æſope leads the Bride to her Place. All being ſeated, there's a ſhort Conſort of Hautboys, Trumpets, *&c.* After which a Dance between an Old Man and a young Woman, who ſhuns him ſtill as he comes near her. At laſt he ſtops, and begins this Dialogue; which they ſing together.

Old Man.

Why ſo Cold, and why ſo Coy.
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Deſire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
Why ſo Cold, and why ſo Coy?

Woman.

'Tis Sympathy perhaps with you;
You are Cold, and I'm ſo too.

Old Man.

My Tears alone have froze my Blood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my Aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

Woman.

Woman.

Women, alas, like Flints, ne'er burn alone,
To make a Virgin know,
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some Manly Steel muſt boldly ſtrike the Blow.

Old Man.

Aſſiſt me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and ſtill am bold;
You'll find I ſtill can ſtrike, tho' old:
I only want your Aid to raiſe my Arm.

Enter a Youth who ſeizes on the young Woman.

Youth.

Who talks of Charms, who talks of Aid
I bring an Arm
That wants no Charm,
To rouſe the Fire that's in a Flinty Maid.
Retire Old Age.

Woman.

—— Winter be gone:
Behold the Youthful Spring comes gayly on.
Here, here's a Torch, to light a Virgin's Fire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
When Women have what they deſire,
They're neither Cold nor Coy.

[She takes him in her Arms

The Song and Dance ended, Æſop *takes* Euphronia *and* Oronces *by the Hands, leading them forwards.*

Eſ. By this time, my young eager Couple, 'tis probable you wou'd be glad to be alone; perhaps you'll have a mind to go to Bed even without your Supper; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their Wedding-night. But ſince if Matrimony were worn as it ought to be, it wou'd perhaps ſit eaſier about us than uſually it does. I'll give you one Word of Council, and ſo I ſhall releaſe you.

When one is out of Humour, let the other be dumb.

Let your Diverſions be ſuch, as both may have a ſhare in 'em.

Never let Familiarity exclude Reſpect.

Be clean in your Cloaths, but nicely ſo in your Perſons: Eat at one Table: Lye in one Room, but ſleep in two Beds.

I'll tell the Ladies why.

Turning to the Boxes.

In the ſprightly Month of *May*,
When Males and Females, ſport and play,
And Kiſs and Toy away the Day.
An eager Sparrow, and his Mate,
Chirping on a Tree were ſate,
Full of Love----- and full of Prate.
They talk't of nothing, but their Fires,
Of Raging Heats, and Strong Deſires,

Of

Of Eternal Conſtancy;
How true and faithful, they wou'd be,
Of this and that, and endleſs Joys,
And a thouſand more ſuch Toys.
They only thing they apprehended,
Was that their Lives wou'd be ſo ſhort,
They cou'd not finiſh, half their Sport
Before their Days were ended.
But, as from Bow to Bow they rove,
They chanc'd at laſt
In furious haſte,
On a Twigg, with Birdlime ſpread;
(Want of a more Downy Bed)
To act a Scene of Love.
Fatal it prov'd, to both their Fires.
For tho' at length, they broke away,
And baulk'd the School-Boy of his Prey,
Which made him weep, the live-long day.
The Bridegroom, in the haſty ſtrife,
Was ſtuck ſo faſt, to his Dear Wife;
That tho' he us'd, his utmoſt Art,
He quickly found, it was in vain,
To put himſelf, to farther pain,
They never more muſt part.
A gloomy Shade, orecaſt his Brow;
He found himſelf---- I know not how,
He lookt---- as Husbands often do.

Where'er he mov'd, he felt her ſtill,
She kiſſt him oft, againſt his will:
Abroad, at Home; at Bed and Board;
With favours, ſhe orewhelm'd her Lord.
Oft he turn'd his Head away,
And ſeldom had a word to ſay,
Which abſolutely ſpoyl'd her Play,
For ſhe was better ſtor'd.
Howe'er, at length her Stock was ſpent,
(For Female Fires, ſometimes may be
Subject to Mortality;)
So Back to Back they ſit, and ſullenly Repent,
But the Mute Scene, was quickly ended,
The Lady, for her ſhare pretended,
The want of Love, lay at his Door,
For her part, ſhe had ſtill in ſtore
Enough for him, and twenty more,
Which cou'd not be contented.
He anſwer'd her, in homely words,
(For Sparows are, but ill bred Birds)
That he already, had enjoy'd
So much, that truly he was Cloy'd.
Which ſo provok'd her Spleen,
That after ſome good hearty Prayers,
A Joſtle, and ſome ſpightful Tears
They fell together, by the Ears,
And ne'er were ſond again.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAg. 54. l. 7. for *y'are*, r. *y'ave*. Pag. 76. l. 18. for *Contented*, r. *Contended*.

3d.

Colla. & Perf. J. Ht. 1797.

ÆSOP.

A COMEDY.

PART the SECOND.

As it is Acted

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

in *DRURY-LANE.*

First Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Bennet* at the Half-Moon in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, 1697. 15. May.

ESOPE.

PART II.

Enter Players.

Æſ. WEll, good People, who are all you?
Omnes. Sir, we are Players———
Eſ. Players? What Players?
Play. Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players;
That's our Calling:
Tho' we play upon other things too; ſome of us play
Upon the Fiddle; ſome play upon the Flute;
We play upon one another, we play upon the Town,
And we play upon the Patentees.
Eſ. Patentees! Prithee, what are they?
Play. Why, they are, Sir—Sir, they are—I Cod I don't know
What they are—Fiſh or Fleſh——Maſters or Servants
—Sometimes one———Sometimes t'other, I think———
Juſt as we are in the Mood.
Eſ. Why, I thought they had a lawful Authority over you.
Play. Lawful Authority, Sir—Sir, we are freeborn Engliſhmen,
We care not for Law nor Authority neither,
When we are out of Humour.
Eſ. But I think they pretended at leaſt to an Authority
Over you; 'pray' upon what Foundation was it built?
Play. Upon a rotten one———if you'll believe us?
Sir, I'll tell you what theſe Projectors did:
They imbark'd Twenty thouſand pound upon a Leaky
Veſſel———She was built at *Whitehall*;

I think they call'd her——the Patent——ay, the Patent;
Her Keel was made of a Broad Seal——and the King
Gave 'em a White Staff for their Main Maſt.
She was a pretty tight Frigat to look upon, indeed:
They ſpar'd nothing to ſet her off; they Guilded her,
And Painted her, and Rigg'd, and Gunn'd her;
And ſo ſent her a Privateering.
But the firſt Storm that blew,
Down went the Maſt, a-ſhore went the Ship——
Crack ſays the Keel, merry cry'd the Pilot;
But the Wind was ſo high, his Prayers cou'd not
Be heard——ſo they ſplit upon a Rock——
That lay hid under a Petticoat.

Eſ. A very ſad Story, this: but what became of the Ship's Company?

Play. Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who were
The Officers and the beſt of the Sailors——
(Little *Ben* amongſt the reſt) ſeiz'd on a ſmall
Bark that lay to our hand, and away we put to ſee again.
To ſay the Truth, we were better Man'd than
Rigg'd, and Ammunition was plaguy ſcarce amongſt
Us——However, a-Cruiſing we went, and ſome petty
Small Prizes we have made; but the Bleſſing
Of Heaven not being among us——
Or how the Devil 'tis, I can't tell; but we are not rich.

Eſ. Well, but what became of the reſt of the Crew?

Play. Why, Sir, as for the Scoundrels, they, poor Dogs,
Stuck by the Rack. The Captain gave 'em Bread,
And Cheeſe, and good Words——He told them, if they
Wou'd patch her up, and venture t'other Cruiſe,
He'd prefer 'em all; ſo to work they went,
And to Sea they got her.

Eſ. I hope he kept his Word with 'em.

Play. That he did; he made the Boat-Swain's Mate,
Lieutenant; he made the Cook, Doctor: He was
Forc'd to be Purſer, and Pilot, and Gunner himſelf;
And the Swabber took Orders to be Chaplain.

Eſ. But with ſuch unskilful Officers I'm afraid
They'll hardly keep above Water long.

Play. Why truly, Sir, we care not how ſoon they are under:
But Curſt Folks, thrive, I think. I know nothing elſe
That makes 'em ſwim.
I'm ſure, by the Rules of Navigation, they ought to
Have over-ſet long ſince; for they carry a great deal

Of

of Sail, and have very little Ballaſt.

Eſ. I'm afraid you ruine one another. I fancy if you Were all in a Ship together again, you'd have leſs Work and more Profit.

Play. Ah, Sir——we are reſolv'd we'll never ſail under Captain Patentee again.

Eſ. Prithee, why ſo?

Play. Sir, he has us'd us like Dogs.

Wom. —— And Bitches too, Sir.

Eſ. I'm ſorry to hear that; 'pray' how was't he treated You?

Play. Sir, 'tis impoſſible to tell; he us'd us like the *Engliſh* At *Amboyna*——

Eſ. But I wou'd know ſome Particulars; tell me what 'Twas he did to you.

Play. What he did, Sir——why, he did in the firſt place, Sir——In the firſt place, Sir, he did——I Cod I don't know what He did——Can you tell, Wife?

Wom. Yes, marry can I; and a Burning Shame it was too:

Play. O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give us Plumbs Enough in our Pudding.

Eſ. That indeed was very hard; but did he give you as Many as he promis'd you.

Play. Yes, and more; but what of all that, we had not as Many as we had a Mind to——

1 *Wom.* Sir, my Husband tells you Truth——

Eſ. I believe he may; but what other wrongs did he do you?

1 *Wom.* Why, Sir, he did not treat me with reſpect; 'twas not One Day in three, he wou'd ſo much as bid me good Morrow——

2 *Wom.* Sir, he invited me to Dinner, and never drank my health.

1 *Wom.* Then he cock'd his Hat at Mrs. *Pert.*

2 *Wom.* Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good a Face As ſhe had.

Eſ. Why, theſe were inſufferable Abuſes——

2 *Play.* Then, Sir, I did but come to him one day—— And tell him I wanted Fifty Pound, and what do you Think he did by me, Sir—— Sir he turn'd round upon Heel like a Top——

1 *Play.* But that was nothing to the Affront he put upon me, Sir. I came to him, and in very civil Words, as I thought, Deſir'd him to double my Pair: Sir, wou'd you believe it, He had the Barbarity to ask me, if I intended To double my Work; and becauſe I told him, No, Sir——he did uſe me, good Lord, how he did uſe me.

Eſ. Prithee how?

1 *Play.* Why, he walk'd off, and anſwer'd me never a Word.

Eſ. How had you Patience.

1 *Play.* Sir, I had not Patience. I ſent him a Challenge;
And what do you think his Anſwer was——he ſent me Word
I was a Scoundrel Son of a Whore,
And he wou'd only fight me by Proxy——

Eſ. Very fine.

1 *Play.* At this rate, Sir, were we poor Dogs us'd——till one
Frofty Morning down he comes amongſt us——and
Very roundly tells us——That for the Future,
No Purchaſe, no Pay. They that wou'd not work ſhou'd
Not eat——
Sir, we at firſt ask'd him cooly and civilly——Why?
His Anſwer was, becauſe the Town wanted
Diverſion, and he wanted Money——
Our Reply to this, Sir, was very ſhort; but I think
To the purpoſe.

Eſ. What was it?

1 *Play.* It was, Sir, that ſo we wallow'd in Plenty--and Eaſe
The Town and he might be damn'd——
This, Sir, is the true Hiſtory of Seperation—— and we
Hope you'll ſtand our Friend——

Eſ. I'll tell you what, Sirs——
I once a Pack of Beagles knew——
That much reſembled, I know who:
With a good Huntſman at their Tail,
In full Command,
With Whip in Hand.
They'd run apace
The Chearful Chace,
And of their Game were ſeldom known to fail.
But being at length their chance to find
A Huntſman of a genlter Kind,
They ſoon perceiv'd the Rein was ſlack,
The Word went quickly through the Pack——
They one and all cry'd Liberty:
This happy Moment we are free.
We'll range the Woods,
Like Nymphs and Gods,
And ſpend our Mouths in praiſe of Mutiny.
With that old *Fowler* trots away,
And *Bowman* ſingles out his Prey.
Thunder bellow'd through the Wood,
And ſwore he'd burſt his Guts with Blood.

Venus

Venus tript it ore the Plain,
With boundleſs Hopes of boundleſs Gain.
——— *Juno*, ſhe ſlipt down the Hedge,
But left her Sacred Word for Pledge;
That all ſhe pickt up by the by———
Shou'd to the Publick Treaſury.
And well they might rely upon her;
For *Juno* was a Bitch of Honour.
In ſhort, they all had hopes to ſee
A Heavenly Crop of Mutiny,
And ſo to Reaping fell:
But in a little time they found,
It was the Devil had Till'd the ground,
And brought the Seed from Hell.
The Pack divided, nothing throve;
Diſcord ſeiz'd the Throne of Love.
Want and Miſery all endure,
All take pains, and all grow poor.
When they had toyl'd the live-long day,
And came at night, to view their Prey.
Oft alas ſo ill they'd ſped,
That half went ſupperleſs to Bed.
At length they all in Council ſate,
Where at a very fair Debate,
It was agreed at laſt,
That Slavery, with Eaſe and Plenty,
When Hounds were ſomething turn'd of twenty,
Was much a better Fate,
Than 'twas to work and Faſt.

1. *Play.* Well, Sir—— and what did they do then?

Eſ. Why they all went home to their Kennel again. If you think they did wiſely, you'll do well to follow their Example [*Exit* Æſope.

1. *Play.* Well Beagles; What think you of the little Gentleman's Advice?

2. *Wom.* I think he's a little ugly Philoſopher, and talks like a Fool.

1. *Play.* Ay, why there's it now! If he had been a tall hand-Blockhead, he had talk'd like a Wiſe Man.

2. *Wom.* Why, do you think, Mr. *Fowler*, that we'll ever joyn again?

1. *Play.* I do think, ſweet Mrs. *Juno*, that if we do not joyn again, you muſt be a little freer of your Carcaſs than you are, or you muſt bring down your Pride to a Serge Petticoat.

1. *Wom.*

1. *Wom.* And do you think, Sir, after the Affronts I have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be Friends?

1. *Play.* I do think, Madam, that if my Intereſt had not been more affronted than your Face, the Patent and you had never been Foes.

1. *Wom.* And ſo, Sir, then you have ſerious thoughts of a Reconciliation!——

1. *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1. *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that—— make it my Intereſt, and I'll have ſerious thoughts on't too.

2. *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I deſire to come into the Treaty.

3. *Play.* And I.

4. *Play.* And I.

2. *Play.* And I, no ſeparate Peace. None of your *Turin* Play, I beſeech you.

1. *Play.* Why then, ſince you are all ſo Chriſtianly diſpos'd.— I think we had beſt Adjourn immediately to our Council-Chamber; chuſe ſome Potent Prince for Mediator,
And Garantee—— Fix upon the place of Treaty,
Diſpatch our Plenipos, and whip up the Peace
Like an Oyſter. For under the Roſe, my Confederates,
Here is ſuch a damn'd Diſcount upon our Bills,
I'm afraid, if we ſtand it out another Campaign,
We muſt live upon ſlender Subſiſtance.

Enter a Countrey Gentleman, who walks too and fro, looking angerly upon Æſope.

Eſ. Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir?

Gent. —— I can't tell whether I have or not.

Eſ. You ſeem diſturb'd, Sir.

Gent. I'm always ſo, at the ſight of a Courtier.

Eſ. Pray what may it be, that gives you ſo great an Antipathy to 'em?

Gent. My Profeſſion.

Eſ. What's that?

Gent. Honeſty.

Eſ. —— Tis an honeſt Profeſſion. I hope, Sir, for the general good of Mankind, you are in ſome Publick Employment.

Gent. So I am, Sir,—— to the Court.

Eſ. You are then, I ſuppoſe, employ'd by——

Gent. My Countrey.

Eſ.

Eſ. Who have made you———

Gent. A Senator.

Eſ. Sir, I Reverence you. [*Bowing.*

Gent. Sir, you may Reverence as low as you pleaſe. But I ſhall ſpare none of you. Sir, I am intruſted by my Countrey with above ten thouſand of their Grievances, and in order to Redreſs 'em, my deſign is, to hang ten thouſand Courtiers.

Eſ. Why, 'tis making ſhort work, I muſt confeſs. But are you ſure, Sir, that won'd do't?

Gent. Sure.——— Ay, ſure.

Eſ. How do you know?

Gent. Why the whole Countrey ſays ſo, and I at the Head of 'em. Now, let me ſee who dares ſay the Contrary.

Eſ. Not I truly. But Sir, if your won't take it ill, I'll ask you a Queſtion or two.

Gent. Sir, I ſhall take ill what I pleaſe. And if you, or e'er a Courtier of you all, pretend the contrary, I ſay, it's a breach of Priviledge———

Now put your Queſtion if you think fit.

Eſ. Why, then Sir, with all due regard to your Character, and your Priviledge too. I won'd be glad to know, what you chiefly complain of?

Gent. Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, That we have
A great many Ships, and very little Trade:
A great many Tenants, and very little Money:
A great many Souldiers, and very little Fighting.
A great many *Gazettes*, and little good News.
A great many States-Men, and very little Wiſdom.
A great many Parſons, and not an ounce of Religion.

Eſ. Why, truly Sir, I do confeſs theſe are Grievances very well worth your Redreſſing. I perceive you are truly ſenſible of our Diſeaſes, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the Cure.

Gent. Sir, I perceive you take me for a Country-Phyſician: But you ſhall find, Sir, that a Country-Doctor, is able to deal with a Court-Quack; and to ſhew you, that I do underſtand ſomething of the State of the Body Politick, I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a Wiſe Man ſay, The Court is the Stomach of the Nation, in which, if the buſineſs be not thoroughly digeſted, the whole Carcaſs will be in diſorder. Now, Sir, I do find, by the Latitude of the Members, and the Vapours that fly into the Head, that this ſame Stomach is full of Indigeſtions, which muſt be remov'd. And therefore, Sir, I am come Poſt to Town with my Head full of *Crocus Me*ᵐ and deſign to give the Court a Vomit.

Eſ.

Eſ. Sir, the Phyſick you mention, tho' neceſſary ſometimes, is of too violent a Nature, to be us'd without a great deal of Caution. I'm afraid you are a little too raſh in your Preſcriptions. Is it not poſſible you may be miſtaken in the Cauſe of the Diſtemper?

Gent. Sir, I do not think it poſſible, I ſhou'd be miſtaken in any thing.

Eſ. Pray, Sir, have you been long a Senator?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſ. Have you been much about Town?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſ. Have you Convers'd much with Men of Buſineſs?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſ. Have you made any ſerious enquiry into the preſent Diſorders of the Nation.

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſ. Have you ever heard what the Men now employ'd in buſineſs, have to ſay for themſelves?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſ. How then do you know they deſerve to be puniſh'd, for the preſent diſorders in your Affairs?

Gent. I'll tell you how I know.

Eſ. I wou'd be glad to hear.

Gent. Why, I know by this—— I know it I ſay, by this—— That I'm ſure on't.——
And to give you demonſtration that I'm ſure on't, there is not one Man in a good Poſt in the Nation—— but I'd give my Vote to hang him: Now I hope you are convinc'd.

Eſ. As for Example. The firſt Miniſter of State: Why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he gives bad Council.

Eſ. How do you know?

Gent. Why they ſay ſo.

Eſ. And who wou'd you put in his room?

Gent. One that wou'd give better.

Eſ. Who's that?

Gent. My ſelf.

Eſ. The Secratary of State: Why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he has not good Intelligence.

Eſ. How do you know?

Gent. I have heard ſo.

Eſ. And who wou'd you put in his Place?

Gent. My Father.

Eſ.

Æ. The Treasurer: why would you hang him?

G. Because he does n't understand his Business.

Æ. How do you know?

G. I dreamt so.

Æ. And who would you have succeed him?

G. My Unkle.

Æ. The Admiral: why would you hang him?

G. Because he has not destroyed the Enemies.

Æ. How do you know he could do it?

G. Why, I believe so.

Æ. And who would you have Command in his stead?

G. My Brother.

Æ. And the General: why would you hang him?

G. Because he took ne'r a Town last Campaign.

Æ. And how do you know 'twas in his power?

G. Why I don't care a Sous whether it was in's power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chapping Lad; he has been Captain in the *Militia* this twelve months, and I'd be glad to see him in his Place. What do you stare for, Sir? ha? I gad I tell you he'd scour all the Devils. He's none of your Fencers; none of your *Sa, Sa* men. *Numps* is downright; that's his Play. You may see his Courage in his Face. He has a pair of Cheeks like two Bladders; a Nose as flat as your Hand, and a Forehead like a Bull.

Æ. In short, Sir, I find if you and your Family were provided for, things would soon grow better than they do.

G. And so they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the Head of the State, and *Numps* at the Head of the Army; He with his Club Musquet, and I with my Club Head peice, we'd soon put an end to your business.

Æ. I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore since I happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary Abilities, I am resolv'd to give the King an account of you, and employ my Interest with him, that you and your Son may have the Posts you desire.

G. Will you by the Lord? —— Give me your fist, Sir —— the only honest Courtier that ever I met with in my Life.

Æ. But Sir, when I have done you this mighty peice of Service, I ſhall have a ſmall requeſt to beg of you, which I hope you won't refuſe me.

G. What's that?

Æ. Why 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who are to be diſplac'd, to make room for you and your Son.

G. The Secretary and the General?

Æ. The ſame. 'Tis pity they ſhould be quite out of buſineſs; I muſt therefore deſire you'll let me recommend one of 'em to you for your Bailiff, and t'other for your Huntſman.

G. My Bailiff and my Huntſman?——Sir, that's not to be granted.

Æ. Pray why?

G. Why?——Becauſe one wou'd ruin my Land, and t'other wou'd ſpoil my Fox-Hounds.

Æ. Why do you think ſo?

G. Why do I think ſo?—— Theſe Courtiers will ask the ſtrangeſt Queſtions——— Why Sir, do you think that Men bred up to the State, and the Army, can underſtand the buſineſs of Ploughing and Hunting.

Æ. I did not know but they might.

G. How cou'd you think ſo?

Æ. Becauſe I ſee men bred up to Ploughing and Hunting, underſtand the buſineſs of the State and the Army.

G. I'm ſhot—I han't one word to ſay for my ſelf.—I never was ſo caught in my Life.

Æ. I perceive Sir, by your Looks, what I have ſaid has made ſome impreſſion upon you; and wou'd perhaps do more if you wou'd give it leave.

(*Taking his Hand*). Come Sir, tho I am a ſtranger to you, I can be your Friend: My Favour at Court does not hinder me from being a Lover of my Country. 'Tis my Nature, as well as Principles, to be pleas'd with the proſperity of mankind. I wiſh all things happy, and my ſtudy is to make 'em ſo.

The Diſtempers of the Government (which I own are great) have employ'd the ſtretch of my Underſtanding, and the deepeſt of my thoughts, to penetrate the Cauſe, and to find out the

Re-

Remedy. But alas! all the product of my ſtudy is this; That I find there is too near a Reſemblance between the Diſeaſes of the State and thoſe of the Body, for the moſt expert Miniſter to become a greater Maſter in one than the Colledg is in t'other. And how far their Skill extends, you may ſee by this Lump upon my Back. Allowances in all Profeſſions there muſt be, ſince 'tis weak Man that is the weak Profeſſor. Believe me, Senator, for I have ſeen the proof on't. The longeſt Beard amongſt us is a Fool. Cou'd you but ſtand behind the Curtain, and there obſerve the ſecret Springs of State; you'd ſee in all the Good or Evil that attends it, Ten Ounces of Chance for One Grain either of Wiſdom or Roguery.

You'd ſee perhaps, a Venerable Stateſman, ſit faſt aſleep in a great Downy Chair; whilſt in that ſoft Vacation of his thought, Blind Chance (or what at leaſt we blindly call ſo) ſhall ſo diſpoſe a thouſand ſecret Wheels, that when he wakes, he needs but write his Name, to publiſh to the World ſome bleſt Event, for which his Statue ſhall be rais'd in Braſs.

Perhaps a moment thence, you ſhall behold him torturing his Brain: His thoughts all ſtretcht upon the Wrack for Publick Service. The live-long Night, when all the World's at reſt, conſum'd in Care, and watching for their ſafety, when by a Whirlwind in his Fate, in ſpight of him, ſome miſchief ſhall befall 'em, for which a furious Sentence ſtrait ſhall paſs, and they ſhall Vote him to the Scaffold. Even thus uncertain are Rewards and Puniſhments: and even thus little do the People know when 'tis the Stateſman merits one or t'other.

G. Now do I believe I am beginning to be a wiſe man; for I never till now perceiv'd I was a Fool. But do you then really believe Sir, our Men in Buſineſs do the beſt they can?

Æ. Many of 'em do: ſome perhaps do not. But this you may depend upon; He that is out of buſineſs is the worſt Judg in the world of him that is in: Firſt, becauſe he ſeldom knows any thing of the matter; and ſecondly, becauſe he always deſires to get his place.

G. And ſo Sir you turn the Tables upon the Plaintiff, and play the Fool and Knave at his Door.

Æ. If I do him wrong I'm ſorry for't. Let him Examine himſelf, he'll find whether I do or not. *Exit* Æſope.

G.—— Examine?—— I think I have had enough of that already. There's nothing left, that I know of, but to give Sentence: And truly I think there's no great difficulty in that. A very pretty Fellow I am indeed. Here am I come bellowing and roaring, 200 miles Poſt, to find my ſelf an Aſs; when with one quarter of an hours conſideration, I might have made the ſelf ſame Diſcovery, without going over my Threſhold. Well: if ever they ſend me on their Errand, to reform the State again, I'll be damn'd. But this I'll do: I'll go

home and reform my Family if I can; Them I'm sure I know: There's my Father's a peevish Old Coxcomb There's my Uncle's a Drunken Old Sot: There's my Brother's a Cowardly Bully, Son *Numps* is a Lubberly Whelp: I've a great Ramping Daughter, that stares like a Heifer, and a Wife that's a Slatternly Sow. *Exit.*

Enter a Young Gay Airy Beau, who stands smiling contemptibly upon Æsope.

Æs. Well Sir, what are you?

B. A Fool.

Æ. That's impossible;—— for if thou wer't, thoud'st think thy self a Wise Man.

B. So I do—This is my own Opinion—the t'other's my Neighbours. [*walking Airily about.*

Æsope *gazing after him.*] Have you any Business with me Sir?

B. Sir, I have Business with no body——Pleasure's my study.

Æ. *Aside.*] An Odd Fellow this—— Pray Sir, who are you?

B. I can't tell——

Æ.——Do you know who I am?

B. No Sir: I'm a Favourite at Court, and I neither know my self, nor any body else.

Æ. Are you in any Imployment?

B. Yes——

Æ. What is it?

B. I don't know the Name on't.

Æ. You know the Business on't I hope?

B. That I do—— the Business of it is—— to —— put in a Deputy, and receive the Money.

Æ. —— Pray what may be your Name?

B. Empty.

Æ. Where do you live?

B. In the Side-Box.

Æ. What do you do there?

B. I Ogle the Ladies.

Æ. To what purpose?

B. To no purpose.

Æ. Why then do you do it?

B. Because they like it, and *I* like it.

Æ. Wherein consists the Pleasure?

B. In Playing the Fool.

Æ.——Pray Sir, what Age are you?

B. Five and Twenty---my Body——my Head's about Fifteen.

Æ. Is your Father living?

B. Dead, thank God.

Æ. Has

Æ. Has he been long ſo?
B. Poſitively yes.
Æ. Where were you brought up?
B. At School.
Æ. What School?
B. The School of *Venus*.
Æ. Were you ever at the Univerſity?
B. Yes.
Æ. What ſtudy did you follow there?
B. My Bed-maker.
Æ. How long did you ſtay?
B. Till I had loſt my Maiden-head.
Æ. Why did you come away?
B. Becauſe *I* was expell'd.
Æ. Where did you go then?
B. To Court.
Æ. Who took care of your Education there?
B. A Whore and a Dancing-Maſter.
Æ. What did you gain by them?
B. A *Minuet*, and the *Pox*.
Æ. Have you an Eſtate?
B. I had.
Æ. What's become on't?
B. Spent.
Æ. In what?
B. In a Twelvemonth.
Æ. But how?
B. Why, In Dreſſing, Drinking, Whoring, Claps, Dice and Scriveners. What do you think of me now, Old Gentleman?
Æ. Pray what do you think of your ſelf?
B. *I* don't think at all: *I* know how to beſtow my time better.
Æ. Are you Married?
B. No——have you ever a Daughter to beſtow upon me?
Æ. She wou'd be well beſtow'd.
B. Why, I'm a ſtrong young Dog, you Old Putt you; ſhe may be worſe coupled——
Æ. Have you then a mind to a Wife, Sir?
B. *Yaw myn Heer.*
Æ. What wou'd you do with her?
B. Why, I'd take care of her Affairs, rid her of all her troubles, her Maidenhead and her Portion
Æ. And pray what ſort of Wife wou'd you be willing to throw your ſelf away upon?
B. Why, upon one that has Youth, Beauty, Quality, Vertue, Wit and Money.

Æ. And

Æ. And how may you be qualified your self, to back you in your Pretenſions to ſuch a one?

B. Why, *I* am qualified, with —— a Periwig, —— a Snuff-box, —— a Feather, —— a — Smooth Face, —— a Fool's Head — and a Patch.

Æ. But One Queſtion more: What Settlements can you make?

B. Settlements? —— Why, if ſhe be a very Great Heireſs indeed, *I* believe *I* may ſettle —— my ſelf upon her for Life, and my Pox upon her Children for ever.

Æ. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll ſerve you, if it lies in my way. But *I* wou'd not have you relie too much upon your Succeſs, becauſe People ſometimes are miſtaken —— As for Example ——

An Ape there was of Nimble Parts,
A great Intruder into Hearts,
As Briſk, and Gay, and full of Air,
As you, or I, or any here;
Rich in his Dreſs, of ſplendid ſhew,
And with an Head like any Beau.
Eternal Mirth was in his Face;
Where're he went,
He was content,
So Fortune had but Kindly ſent
Some Ladies —— and a Looking-glaſs.
Encouragement they always gave him,
Encouragement to play the Fool;
For ſoon they found it was a Tool;
Wou'd hardly be ſo much in Love,
But that the Mumbling of a Glove,
Or tearing of a Fan, wou'd ſave him.

Theſe Bounties he accepts as Proof,
Of feats done by his VVit and Youth,
He gives their freedom gone for ever;
Concludes each Female heart undone,
Except that very happy one:
To which he'd Pleaſe to do the favour,
In ſhort, ſo ſmooth his matters went.
He gueſt, wheree'r his thoughts were bent,
The Lady he muſt carry.
So put on a fine New Cravat,
He combd his VVig, he cock't his Hat,
And gave it out, He'd Marry;

But

But here, alas! he found to's Coſt,
He had reckon'd long without his Hoſt;
For where ſoe'r he made th' Attack,
Poor Pug with ſhame was beaten back.

The firſt Fair ſhe he had in Chace,
VVas a Young Cat, extreamly Rich,
Her Mother was a Noted Witch;
So had the Daughter prov'd but Civil,
He had been related to the Devil.
But when he came
To urge his Flame,
She ſcratch't him o're the Face.

With that he went among the Bitches,
Such as had Beauty, Wit and Riches,
And ſwore Miſs *Maulkin*, to her Coſt,
Shou'd quickly ſee what ſhe had loſt:
But the poor Unlucky Swain
Miſs't his Shepherdeſs again;
His Fate was to miſcarry.
It was his Deſtiny to find,
That Cats and Dogs are of a mind,
When Monkeys come to Marry.

B. 'Tis very well; ——— 'Tis very well, Old Spark, *I* ſay, 'tis very well —— Becauſe *I* han't a pair of Plod-Shooes, and a Dirty Shirt, you think a Woman won't venture upon me for a Husband —— Why now to ſhew you, Old Father, how little you Philoſophers know of the Ladies, —— I'll tell you an Adventure of a Friend of mine.

A Band, a Bob Wigg, and a Feather
Attack't a Ladies heart together:
The Band in a moſt Learned Plea,
Made up of Deep Philoſophy,
Told her, if ſhe wou'd pleaſe to wed,
A Reverend Beard, and take inſtead
Of Vigorous Youth,
Old Solemn Truth,
With Books and Morals into Bed,
How happy ſhe wou'd be.

The Bob, he talkt of Management,
What wondrous Bleſſings Heaven ſent,
On Care, and Pains, and Induſtry,
And truly he muſt be ſo free,
To own, he thought your Airy Beaux,
With Powder'd Wigs and Dancing Shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his ſoul)
But prate, and talk, and play the Fool.

He ſaid 'twas *Wealth* gave Joy & Mirth,
And that to be the deareſt Wife
Of one who labour'd all his Life,
To make a Mine of Gold his own,
And not ſpend *6 pence* when he'ad done,
Was Heaven upon Earth.

When theſe two Blades had done, d'ye ſee,
The Feather, (as it might be me)
Steps out, Sir, from behind the Skreen,
With ſuch an Air, and ſuch a Mien,—
Look you, Old Gentleman, in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the Stateſmens ſport.

It prov'd ſuch Sun-ſhine weather,
That you muſt know, at the firſt Beck,
The Lady leapt about his Neck,
And off they went together.

To *Æſope.*] There's a Tale for your Tale, Old Dad; and ſo— *Exit.*
Servitear.

End of the Second Part.

Collated & Perfect Oct. 1797

A

Modern CHARACTER,

INTRODUC'D

In the SCENES of Vanbrugh's ÆSOP.

As it was acted at a late private Repreſentation of *Henry the Fourth*, perform'd GRATIS at the little *Opera-Houſe* in the *Haymarket*.

To which is added,

The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to the Play.

Faith, Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean.—

One weighty Reaſon why you ſhould not prate is
That whatſoe'er was giv'n, was giv'n GRATIS.

See EPILOGUE.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *F. Stamper*, in *Pope's-Head Alley*, *Cornhill*; and ſold at the *Royal-Exchange*, St. *Paul's*, *Temple-Bar*, *Charing-Croſs*; and by *H. Conſtapel*, in *Conduit-Street*, *Hanover-Square*. 1751.

PREFACE.

THE following Trifle, as a Piece of very little Conſequence or Amuſement, would never have been offer'd in this Manner to the Publick; had not the Parties for whom it was deſign'd, by a very clamorous and ungentlemanlike Behaviour, denied the reſt of the Audience the Liberty of hearing it; and been ſince very buſy inſinuating, that it was a mean and malicious Attempt againſt particular Perſons, extended even to the Publick Papers.

For

For this Reaſon, as well as at the Requeſt of many of the Spectators, it is now publiſh'd; the Gentlemen, however, who were offended by ſome Paſſages, which they alone could apply, are aſſured, that they would never have been inſerted, had they not taken ſuch great Freedoms with this Scene and its Author; by procuring a Party to hiſs it, long before a Syllable of it was wrote, ---- it is preſum'd there needs no Apology for the Impropriety of introducing this Character to* Æsop, *when Sir* John Vanbrugh *himſelf has ſet ſuch an Example throughout his whole Play.*

* This Scene was wrote on the *Saturday* Afternoon, before the Day of Performance, and not begun till then.

A

Modern Character,

Introduc'd in the Scenes of VANBRUGH'S ÆSOP.

Written by F. STAMPER.

SCENE, a *Garden*. ÆSOP ſitting.

Enter SPOUTER.

Spout. LET this auſpicious Day be ever ſacred,
No Mourning, no Misfortunes happen on it:
Let it be mark'd for Triumphs and Rejoycings:
Let happy Lovers ever make it holy,
Chooſe it to bleſs their Hopes, and crown their Wiſhes,
This happy Day! ———

Æſop. Pray, young Gentleman, what are you in ſuch a Paſſion about?

Spout. Paſſion, Sir! Lord, I was only paying my Compliments in the beſt Manner.

Æſop. Sir, I preſume the beſt Manner is that which is the moſt intelligible.

Spout. Sir, I preſume your're an old Prig and know nothing about the Matter: By the beſt Manner, I mean, the moſt *Sublime*, the *Lofty*, the — a — the *Heroic!* don't you underſtand *Heroic*'s, Mr. Æsop!

Æſop. Not your *Heroic*'s, Sir.

Spout. Oh! I find, you have no Taſte for the *Trage*—

Æſop. Really, Sir, I don't know what you mean by it.

Spout. The Devil you don't, oh, it is impoſſible, Mr. Æsop, that you who underſtand every Thing, ſhould not know what *ſpouting* is?

Æſop. Spouting, Sir!

Spout. Spouting, Sir! ay, *Spouting*, Sir! come, come, don't *Hum-bug* us old Dad, but give us a Speech in *Richard* —— Egad, you are naturally adapted to the Character; that Hump of yours has an admirable deal of Propriety in it; — Now are our Brows, —— ſtay —— ſtay —— Now are our Brows ——

Æſop. What kind of a Fool have we got here; This Fellow ſeems to be mad without knowing it, and to be poſſeſs'd of a new Species of Folly: I muſt be let into it before I can pretend to correct it.

Spout. Now are our Brows, —— ay, —— Now are our Brows?

Æſop. Well, Sir, and what about our Brows?

Spout. O that's the Speech, come, begin.

Æſop. Really, Sir, I am entirely ignorant in this Caſe.

Spout. Ay, that I know very well, and therefore ex-

expected you would pretend to know a great deal; in ſhort I find you're no *Spouter* by your *Modeſty*; and therefore I'll tell you my Buſineſs with you; hearing that you ſet up for an Orator, and ſpeak Fables, I am come to give you a little Inſtruction, as to *Action*, *Step*, *Emphaſis*, *Carriage*, and the reſt of the *Minutiæ* of the Art.

Æſop. I find, Sir, you're mightily ſkill'd in the Art, if I may judge by your Knowledge of the Terms.

Spout. Skill'd, Sir! ay, I have Reaſon to think I know a little? Why there now are the Players at our two Theatres, —— ſad Dogs, —— ſad Dogs! indeed; ——— do you know, Sir, that theſe Fellows are continually peſtering me to give them Inſtructions.

Æſop. No, Sir, I know no ſuch Thing.

Spout. Sir! but I aſſure you they are, Sir; but I won't, Sir, I will not do it.

Æſop. Methinks, Sir, that's a little ill-natur'd, as the Town will be ſo much oblig'd to you.

Spout. Why I'll tell you, Sir, the Caſe is this; I have hurt myſelf, Mr. *Æſop*, by being too laviſh of my Inſtructions, for I have ſhewn thoſe Fellows ſome particular Strokes and Beauties; and would you believe it, Mr. *Æſop*, when (as I am often deſir'd by *People of Quality* to do it) I have appear'd in a private Performance, the Audience have cried, there, *Now he takes off ſuch a Player!* and, *Now he takes off ſuch a Player!* and this ariſes, Mr. *Æſop*, from an undiſtinguiſhing Judgment, that cannot tell the Copy from an Original.

Æſop. Well but then, Sir, (I hope no Offence to your Quality, Sir,) I am ſurpriz'd you don't oblige the Town in Perſon.

Spout. Why there now, that's the Thing! — the Maſters of the Theatres are continually making me Offers, ——— very conſiderable Offers! ——— I might I believe have a cool FIVE HUNDRED for the Seaſon; * but I don't know! —— I won't accept it, I have a good Mind never to play again, for Egad all the Barbers Boys in Town are at it.———

Æſop. Then it ſeems you have play'd in *publick.*

Spout. Ay, Sir, *privately* as I told you.

Æſop. In *publick privately*, Sir!

Spout. Ay, old Dad, I ſee that's a Paradox to you; but I'll tell you what a *private publick* Play is.

Æſop. Sir, I ſhould be glad to be inform'd.

Spout. It is a Play rais'd by Subſcription, where Tickets are ſold cheap by Wholeſale, in the ſame Manner as *Books of Chriſtianity* by the Hundred, for

* Alluding to a Gentleman whom we ſhall ſpeak of farther, who after ſpreading ſuch a Report found himſelf taken ſo little Notice of, that he thought the only Way to make himſelf known would be to make up a Play: Accordingly he appear'd in *Romeo*, in which he had ſeveral Excellencies, which we have remark'd in the latter Part of this Scene; but as his evil Genius order'd it, Mr. *Garrick* (who was to have been ſollicited as a Spectator, in order to be a Judge of what Uſe this finiſh'd Player might be to him) that very Night appear'd in the *Mourning Bride*. But we hear there is another ſhortly to be perform'd, at which 'tis hop'd Mr. *Garrick* will attend, and not let our Hero's Merit paſs unregarded.

the

the ſake of thoſe who are inclin'd to give them away.

Æſop. In order I ſuppoſe, either to profit or to oblige the Receivers.

Spout. O, little enough of that, Sir.

Æſop. Well, what do the Subſcribers get by it, then?

Spout. Get, Sir! Why they get themſelves *laugh'd at.*

Æſop. Is any Body fond of this, Sir.

Spout. O, Sir, there is a much greater Pleaſure in being laugh'd at, than you wiſe Men imagine.

Æſop. One would conclude ſo by your Account, and that the Laughers had a good deal of Juſtice on their Side.

Spout. Not quite ſo much neither, Sir; for, if one ſpends their Time and Money, the other is equally guilty of the former; and what is ſomewhat worſe than the latter, betrays an equal Want of Underſtanding.

Æſop. I wonder as you ſeem to be convinc'd of this *Folly* you ſhould not abandon it indeed.

Spout. Folly, Sir! it is to be ſure a *Folly* for thoſe to play who don't underſtand it, Sir.

Æſop. Intimating, Sir, that you do; a Sentiment I doubt not but ſticks as cloſe with Reſpect to themſelves, to all your Fraternity.

Spout. Yes, Sir, but you muſt own there is ſome Difference between an *extravagant Vanity* and a *Conſciouſneſs of Knowledge.*

Æſop. The latter of which I preſume is your Caſe.

Spout. Sir! you're very obliging; I can tell you, Sir, you ſeem to be a Man of great Underſtanding, I wiſh you had been along with me To-night.

Æſop. Pray where have you been?

Spout. I have been, Sir, to ſee *Harry the Fourth*, perform'd in the *Hay-market*.

Æſop. Did you play in it, Sir?

Spout. Sir, I was a Subſcriber.

Æſop. Well, Sir, and how did it ſucceed?

Spout. Why, Sir, it had Enemies. You muſt know, Sir, no Body was admitted to Rehearſals, which was a certain Way to raiſe it Foes; and then, Sir, a Sett of *Brother Spouters* found Means to get into the Gallery, where they lay all along between the Benches, to hear the Rehearſal of the *New Scene* in the Entertainment; but Egad they were diſappointed, by being turn'd out again.

Æſop. Well, but how were the Characters perform'd; there was *Hotſpur?*

Spout. Ay, there was *Hotſpur!* — But I don't admire to give my Judgment, I leave that, Sir, to the Audience.

Æſop. The *Prince of Wales.*

Spout. You may as well leave that to the Audience too, Sir, for he was an Acquaintance I don't chuſe to condemn. *

Æſop. Well, and what did *Falſtaff* make of his playing?

Spout. O, Sir, he only made a Joke of it.

* The Perſon that perform'd the *Prince of Wales* appear'd alſo in that of the *Spouter.*

Æſop.

Æſop. And the *King.*

Spout. I [illegible] *there thou mak'ſt me ſad.* †

Æſop. Ir

Spout. Nay, Sir, I told you [illegible]fore I did not chuſe to give my Judgment; but to ſatisfy you as well as I can, it went off as well as could be wiſh'd, with ſo *little Merit* on the Side of the Players; and ſo *much Good-nature* on the Part of the Audience: But this is not to the Point, old Gentleman; I come to give you a little Inſtruction! —— Mr. *Æſop* to your Health, you ſee I take Liberty. [*Takes a Glaſs of Wine.*

Æſop. Sir, I ſee you do.

Spout. Come Cordial and not Poiſon. * [*Drinking.*

Æſop. This Fellow's Vanity ſeems to be of ſuch a Kind, that it will hurt no one but himſelf.——— And ſo you would inſtruct me to the End of my being a *Spouter?*

Spout. Why, faith, Father *Æſop*, you would not make the moſt *jeſſamy* Fellow that ever I ſaw; yet, if you have a Mind to have a Touch, let me take the Top Character, and I'll make up a Play with you.

Æſop. Sir, you're obliging.

Spout. Yes, faith will I! and you ſhall be Manager too, whereby in running away and not pay-

† The Perſon who perform'd the *King* perform'd *Æſop*, whom the *Spouter* imitated in this Line.

* Here he ſtrove (tho' in vain) to make as horrid a Face as a celebrated Gentleman noted for his playing *Romeo.*

ing

ing the Property Man, and getting a good Number of Subſcriptions, egad, old Fellow, you may be ſomething in Pocket.*

Æſop. Sir I return you my Thanks, but I muſt own I have no Ambition this Way.

Spout. I find Mr. *Æſop* you have an Averſion to Inſtruction, come, give us a Fable that I may ſee how you do it.

Æſop. Well Sir.

Once on a Time when Plays were ſeen,
By Swains preſented on the Green;
A Monkey chanc'd to rove that Way:
He ſtop'd, ſat down, and ſaw the Play.
When done, much pleas'd, *Pug* homeward ran,
Reſolv'd to rival artful Man;
To ſome few Comrades told his Scheme,
And fix'd upon th' intended Theme;
(In Hopes with Praiſe to be requited)
And all their Brother *Pugs* invited.
They came, the Connoiſſeurs in Wit,
All crowded to the Vale, their *Pit.*
While nimbler ſome to view with Eaſe,
Got Gallery Tickets for the Trees.
The Curtain roſe, the Prologue too
Paſs'd pretty well as your's might do;
'Till by and by the awkward Mein
And Action of the Play'rs were ſeen;

* This to the Perſon it is deſigned for, needs no Explanation.

In Hiſſes loud the Audience broke,
And all was ended in a Joke.

Well, Sir, how do you think I ſpoke it.

Spout. O very badly Sir, very badly, — but as to the Matter itſelf I confeſs ——

Æſop. You don't like it.

Spout. Yes; but you might have added a Line or two farther, intimating that the Hiſſers were but Brothers of the ſame Family! * — After all Mr. *Æſop*, I find you and I ſhall never agree thoroughly, and ſo I bid you *Eternally adieu! Farewel forever!*

Æſop. With all my Heart Sir, but I can't pay you with equal Concern.

Spout. O! Sir, I beg your Pardon, you don't love *Trage.* then to ſhew you that my Talents are univerſal, I'll give you a Spice in Comedy. —— † *Bon Soir Signior Æſop, — there's a French Salutation for you.*

Æſop. For which Sir, I'll attend you out.

* Here a violent Hiſs from Lawyers Clerks and Hackney Writers.

† The Reader is here deſired to read the *French* as *Engliſh*, which was the Way this finiſh'd Gentleman ſpoke it in the Character of *Mercutio*, — we had no Mind to degrade or any Way affront Mr. *B——w*; But on Account of ſome Liberties he took with the Author, of which he was inform'd by his Friends.

Spout. O Pardonnez moy! ah! O Pardonnez moy.
[*Exit.*

Æſop. Who waits there, — ſee the Gentleman out, and let me be plagu'd with no more Viſitors.
[*Exit.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

CONſcious, of what th' unartful ought to fear,
Th' affected Laugh, or looſe diſdainful Sneer,
Tho' hard our Taſk, we venture to impart,
A weak Attempt in this ſo *hackney'd Art*;
Yet why is this ſo deſpicable grown?
Say? why is this! the Laughter of the Town.

Priz'd is the Youth, at *Tennis'* noble Sport,
And loud Applauſes eccho through the Court;
When by repeated Strokes, in manly Pride,
Th' elaſtic Ball rebounds from Side to Side,
Or when at *Cricket*, vig'rous Exerciſe!
Swift as a Dart unto the Goal it flies,
How prais'd that nervous Arm, the *Bat* doth weild,
And ſends it wide retreating o'er the Field.
How do the ſwift of Foot, your Rapture raiſe,
And th' agile Horſeman, boaſt his Share of Praiſe.

Behold the bold *Athletic* Sports become
Now worthy *Britain*, worthy once of *Rome*:
And yet ſhall theſe your Praiſes bear away,
And ours not ſhare the Honours of the Day:
Oh! far ſuperior is our ſlighted Art,
To warm the Soul, and captivate the Heart;
The Springs of Nature, it's peculiar Care,
At once to fire the Man, and charm the Fair.

As fam'd of old, when Shepherds on the Green,
Artleſs rehears'd the rude unpoliſh'd Scene;
'Till by Degrees improving more and more,
Theſpis (a *Spouter* of the Days of Yore)
Kept *Country-Wakes*, and rais'd his darling Art,
Unto the crowded Honours of a *Cart*.
Then its own Worth encreas'd thro' every Age,
And *Roſcius* and *Æſopus* trod the Stage;
Whoſe Names, the *Romans*, did ſo long revere;
For there they ſhone, as *Quin* and *Garrick* here.

This to ſhew whence our Art its Merit draws.
Hence, tho' we fail to meet deſir'd Applauſe,
'Tis great to *fall*, if in a glorious Cauſe!

Spoken

Spoken on their calling out loudly for an EPILOGUE.

Written by F. STAMPER.

FAITH, Gentlemen, I don't know what you mean! ——
Have not we promis'd an additional Scene?
What, muſt ye have an Epilogue beſide?
For Shame, Sirs! will you ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
—— For my own Part, I'd do my beſt to pleaſe ye,
At leaſt, the beſt I could to make you eaſy!
But, for an Epilogue, there is none wrote;
And yet it ſeems you'd have one, writ or not;
Quite reaſonable! and ſince you're ſo peremptory,
What if I try to give you one *Extempore*: ——

Now how you ſneer and grin, but by the bye,
You don't know, Sirs, how ſmart a Wit am I. —
— Augh! — how you ſtare now with your Critic Faces!
Pray what's your Right to grumble in theſe Caſes?
One weighty Reaſon why you ſhould not prate is
That whatſoe'er is giv'n, is giv'n *Gratis*.
We make no *great* Pretenſions to your Favour,
Our *Motto* tells ye that we but * *Endeavour*.
Think upon this, and tell me what will do,
Muſt it be *buſkin'd* — *ti-tum-di* — or no?
Or, will a little comic Trifle do, Sirs?
Tho' by the Way, *you Beggars ſhou'd'nt be Chuſers*.

* The *Motto* over the Stage is, *Conabimur*.

Ay,

Ay, Beggars! —— nay, nay, if you're piqu'd and pout,
Egad I'm off, and then you go without!
O! now you ſmile! as much as t'ſay go on.
Attend me then, I'll give ye a *Comic* one.
But let's reflect on what before has been,
Some have come *laughing*, others *ſneaking* in:
Well then for Change, (for Repetition's cloying)
Suppoſe that I go out, and come in *crying*;
No — that won't do! — why what a Fool am I!
You'll ſay 'tis downright Tragedy to cry;
For nothing too, will look like *maudling Drinking:*
(Egad, I am not ſo ſmart as I was thinking!)
Well then, if that won't do — *you'll ha't you ſay!*
Cenſure, or not, I'll do it — *as I may.*

O you bright Fair! — you know our conſtant Trade is
To court the good Opinion of the *Ladies*;
For if they're pleas'd you ſee it in their Eyes,
And for your Souls you dar'n't be otherwiſe.

O you bright Fair! with moſt accompliſh'd Faces!
O pray permit our poor, —— and weak —— Attempts ——
To ſteal in — to your good Graces!

'Pſhaw — Damn it now! — faith that won't do again;
In ſhort, good Sirs, I cannot do it then.

Yet

Yet tho' I now want Wit, may did you ne'er want, ——
I warrant ye, and ſo your humble Servant.

[*Going out.*

—— You muſt have th' EPILOGUE and roar about it,
And yet you ſee you're finely humm'd — *without it.*

F I N I S.